TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

"Old Hutch's" wheat corner in Chicago has passed into the history of speculation as one of the most complete and brilliant episodes of the Chicago Board of Trade. I cannot see just why a broker who gets his hands on all the available wheat, and then obtains contracts from other dealers to deliver him grain which he knows they cannot get, is any better than a robber. The law protects a man who makes a note which at maturity he cannot pay, but if the settlement were made in his case on the Board of Trade rules, and the holder of the note were permitted to prevent his debtor from obtaining money in order that he might seize and confiscate his estate, such a Shylock would be looked upon with horror, and the law would be immediately amended to prevent another such inhuman occurrence. In a Board of Trade deal, however, the man who throttles his debtors is considered a brilliant business giant. Many men who have been ruined by this "corner" doubtless have others dependent upon them, and though we cannot have much sympathy with the gambler the man is indeed callous who does not sympathize with the gambler's wife. Probably "Old Hutch," as Broker Hutchinson is called, has been in the wheat pit too long to have any heart for the woes of others. With the millions he made by last week's operations he may purchase luxury, but surely those dollars can never bring him joy, and it would but be in the line of the recompenses which Providence seems to mete out to those who have become laden with ill-gotten gold that the money should prove a curse and be the cause of ruin and wretchedness rather than the foundation of happiness and contentment.

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This page had been closed before I heard the news of the death of John Charles Dent whose literary works deservedly stand in such high estimation among Canadians. Had he been more of a courtier and less of the almost morbidly conscientious student his later years would have been spent in one of those lucrative offices which have been given to men of alleged literary ability, but who were mere pigmies when compared with the refined scholar who has just passed away. No man of my acquaintance possessed so vast an amount of knowledge or could so readily produce from the pigeonholes of memory such accurate and appropriate extracts from the writings of all ages. Now that he has gone those who were inclined to be critical or regardless of his labor have become aware of his unusual merit.

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The superlative degree of the phrase, "Boys will be boys," may be found in the phrase, "Medical students will be medical students," and even their unconventional methods of merry-making always interest and attract me. There are plenty of us who can remember when we did that sort of thing ourselves, and only wish that we could do it now as we once did. There are thousands of old and middle-aged men in Toronto who, if they could get away by themselves in some country town where they were not known, would be delighted to march four abreast, singing Solomon Levi, or, When First I Came upon this Campus. The rollicking swing and hilarious gaiety of the campus song will make the blood of every man who has ever belonged to a class, bound through his veins as if he were a boy again, and I suspect when a couple of antique specimens of the alumni get together of an evening where their sons cannot hear their stories, some very remarkable reminiscences are indulged in. But few of Trinity Medical College students will ever live long enough to be proud of the opening day of their school in this year of grace, though only a very few of the undergraduates indulged in the absolutely shameless uproar which ended in driving the Rev. Dr. James Johnson of Jamaica from the platform. Dr. Johnson, as a graduate of Trinity Medical School, has won great distinction by his labors among the colored people of the West Indies, and has added a lustre to his alma mater as well as laid up everlasting treasures for himself by his self-denying missionary work, and that a disorderly faction of students from no cause but their inebriety and utter ignorance of decency should insult him and shame the faculty is really an unpardonable transgression of the none too stringent rules laid down for student life. It is the more deplorable because the very few have brought the many students into disrepute. May the merry angel who presides over the students preserve us from any more exhibitions of that kind. We all go in for fun and appreciate it if we cannot join in it ourselves, but this town has no sympathy with rowdyism.

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On Wednesday evening on the corner of Yonge and Queen streets I saw a sight which made me sick. As I came down to my office about eight o'clock I found an immense crowd congregated on the corners; there must have been from five to eight hundred people. Just then the patrol wagon arrived, the horses on the run and the gong ringing. In the midst of the crowd it came to a halt, and a well-dressed and quiet-looking little woman, perhaps forty years old, was assisted up the steps by a constable. She made no resistance, though as the great crowd surged around the wagon she seemed to begin to realize her position and swinging her hat by the end of a long ostrich feather, uttered a drunken lamentation in which the cry of a shamed woman could be painfully heard. Half a dozen passers-by exclaimed as the wagon drove away, "Isn't that an infernal shame;" as many more who had seen the whole performance, whatever it was, I didn't inquire, explained that the woman would have gone home quietly if she had been let alone, or if the constable had simply passed her along his beat. I asked myself then, and I ask you now, is it necessary either for the public good or the city's peace that a patrol wagon should charge along the streets like a hook and ladder company going to a fire in order to prevent a not dangerously inebriated woman from arguing with some boys who think it funny to tease her. No doubt it is highly exhilarating sport for the policeman, but how about the woman? The half thousand people who saw the performance were disgusted with the policeman—and perhaps with themselves for not having mobbed the officers and rescued the old dame. A hundred people at least exclaimed to one another, "What a burning shame!" the other four hundred thought it, if they did not say it.

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Is this the way to uphold the dignity of the law or to excite respect for its officers? When some harmless old man or woman gets a couple of drinks more than he or she can carry without engaging in conversation with strangers, is it necessary to turn the center of the city into a rat-pit with some helpless old creature as the victim and a half a dozen uniformed officers as the terriers. Is it necessary that these bloodless hussars should make a pageant of themselves as they pass, and that the everlasting gong should proclaim the whole district under the Crimes Act in order that some groggy old man or staggering old woman should be prevented from reeling the rest of the way home? Is it absolutely necessary in order to vindicate the the greatness of the Police Magistrate, and to exalt the never-dying glory of His Gorgeousness, the Chief of Police, that fifty score of people should witness the degradation of somebody who has publicly fallen from grace, perhaps for the first time? Of course it is easy to say that the crowd should not gather; you might as well say that a child should not have the measles. One thing is as natural as the other. You may roll your eyes and say women should not get drunk. True, and the lunatics in the asylums should not go crazy. Several chances to one it was unfortunate surroundings, accident or some hereditary or constitutional weakness that is to blame in both cases.

Again I pause to inquire is this sort of thing necessary? Popular sentiment demanded the abolition of public hanging because it was degrading to the spectator, not because it added any special agony to the one who was about to figure as the chief performer. Would it not be a good idea to abolish the patrol wagon and its imitation brass band, except in the specially important cases when the police have more trouble on hand than they can attend to, No doubt this modern performance supplies a want, a long felt want, a want which as we remarked before, has been felt ever since the gallows, the cat-o'-nine tails, the town pump and the stocks were stowed away as relics of barbarism. One thing to be said in favor of the patrol wagon which cannot be urged in support of the triangle and stocks is that entertainment is offered to a much larger congregation than could gather around the amusing spectacle of a man having his back beaten or his feet imprisoned as in the olden time. All that is necessary now, to give the city the worth of the money which the system is costing us, is to engage the band of the Governor-General's Body Guard to precede the patrol wagon. If the military police colonels, who have the performance in charge, do their duty in this matter, the mounted band will precede the patrol wagon by at least a block and a half, in order that everybody may be called to the windows to see the procession and identify the culprit, so that if upon any future occasion he or she should try to be respectable, at least five thousand people could be able to testify that they had seen him or her cavorting grandly to the cells in the chariot of infamy. This is a great and glorious country! Let us have amusement and excitement, no matter what it costs. The band would not add a tenth of a mill to our taxes; why should we longer be without artistic music on the occasion of an arrest? There are many reputable taxpayers sitting near their front windows, playing with their children, who are perhaps unaware that an arrest is taking place within an easy distance, accessible on foot or by the street cars without loss of time. They are losing the pleasure and profit thereof, and what is more their children are deprived of the was not on the bill of fare? The fire brigade was called out and a few bones broken, at much greater expense and was the occasion of much less interest than the charge of the light brigade with the gong accompaniment would have been. In some of the large cities I am informed that constables are instructed to quietly oversee the progress of inebriated people who are neither damaging property nor threatening life and to assist them out of their precinct and hand them over to the constable on the next beat. Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston should have been shown our incomparably superior system. If in New York, London, Paris and other outlying villages, whose police system is so imperfect when compared with ours, the patrol wagon were called out every time an officer discovered someone who by a stretch of the law could be arrested, there would be room on the streets for no other traffic, and the merry gong would forever deafen the ears of Fleet street and the Strand and of Broadway and the Bowery. In our more enlightened city we do things differently, and there are several people here who would like to see them done much more differently still.

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As I watched the patrol wagon drive the beery little woman away, that large and determined man who manages the street railway, Superintendent Franklin, asked what my opinion was. I expressed myself in a few brief but well-timed remarks, as they say at presentations, and asked him his opinion. "If," said he, "the street railway, much criticised as it is, were managed with as little regard for public sentiment as the police force is, we would all be mobbed inside of twenty-four hours." And I believe he is right. If the Street Railway Company had appointed as their executive chief the Colonel of the 65th Tamarac Township Tigers, or the brevet assistant major of the 99th Spongecake Infantry, I have no doubt that our street car service would not be quite so good as it is to-day. Yette verelle Toronto is a good citye and hath ye odor of moralitie aboute ye execution of its stern decrees.

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As long as there are silly girls who have an ambition for notoriety and display, so long will rascals like the man Williams be able to collect money from stage-struck victims. If he had advertised for a dish-washer or a chambermaid he might perhaps have been called upon by a couple of young women who would have put him under a cross-examination so severe that he would have begged to be excused. But he wanted girls to go on the stage and a score of them were willing to pay him anywhere from two to ten dollars for the privilege of appearing in public covered by about enough raiment to wad a gun. Of course they lost their money. They always do under such circumstances, and they are indeed fortunate if they escape more serious and lasting injury, for it is a scheme oft-practiced by scoundrels to lure women to ruin.

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It is not hard to understand how women, whose great weakness—or ruling passion—is love for dress, should want to appear on the stage in the magnificent gowns and white calsomine of the Duchess of Dusenbery, but they have been told so often of the snares that beset innocent maidenhood who are afflicted with the stage craze that one would imagine that by this time only those who had nothing to lose would take the risk. Much of the scandal which is urged against the stage is attributable to the rank folly of women who are willing to offer any and every sacrifice for an opportunity to show themselves off. As long as the world lasts and this weak streak makes such a wide seam in the composition of humanity so long will we see vice claiming as its own women who want to wear gay dresses and don't know how to earn them honestly. Don't blame the stage for these things. Let us charitably remember with Deacon Bedot that we, at best, are "poor weak critters."

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I see by the papers that Dr. Wild has gently, but firmly, denounced the idea of keeping Protestant churches open on week days, because the place of worship may be unduly exalted and, worse and worse, because it is "Romish." When the Doctor and many of his brethren of the cloth wish to put the cap and ornamental stone on the climax, they say a thing is "Romish." As the mother said to her little girl, "Don't do it, daughter; it's wicked, and what is worse, it is vulgar."

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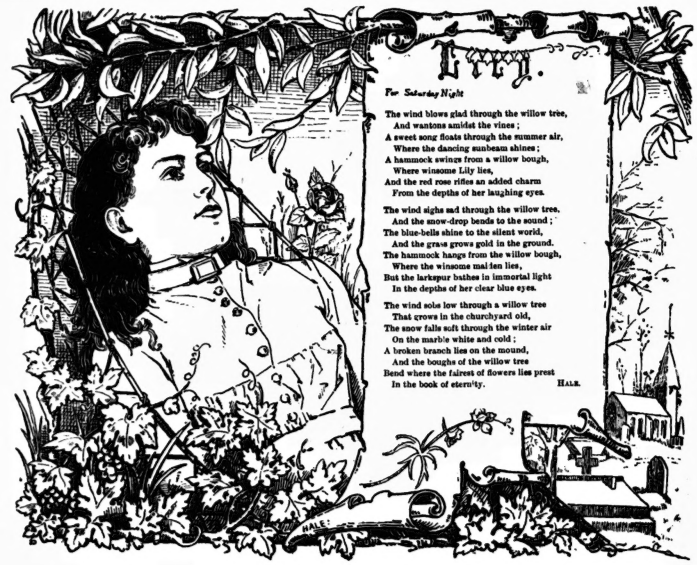
I suppose I would almost be risking the charge of having gone over to Rome if I were to say because a thing is Romish it is not necessarily bad, improper, unscriptural, unnatural or injudicious. While many strong reasons may be adduced against the Church of Rome—and it is said the Church of Rome can produce several strong reasons against the practices of Protestantism—one thing at least must be acknowledged, that they understand human nature and know how to make their religion attractive to those who are hard to reach save through the senses. I have received a very able though somewhat lengthy letter urging scriptural reasons for the closing of the churches on week days. I have not space for it this week, but will print it next issue. In the meantime brethren keep your church doors locked, take no chances of doing too much for the cause of Him who did so much for you. His generosity is so evident and overpowering that you seem to expect with certainty that He will never reckon up how many hours you have spent idly and diligently figuring out how little you dare do, and still feel entitled to squeeze through the eternal gates. DON.

SADI-CARNOT, PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.



Society.

The reporter of the *Mail* who wrote up last Monday's "society scandal" has evidently been dowered with a wealth of imagination, which was almost equalled by the one who, in a succeeding issue, informed an astounded public that society was all agog with curiosity as to who was the principal in the unfortunate affair. It must be confessed that curiosity is the crowning weakness of society folks, but alas for this admirably gotten-up sensation, the latter never held water for one moment with those who walk in the debateable land of society. How could it be otherwise? As told in the columns of the *Mail* this precious yarn carried its own condemnation. For, on the very face of it, how could the victim of this melancholy affair fail, as member of a leading family to have been well-known at Government House. To such, the villainous butler, alluded to, would have been a known personality nor would the latter have dared to pay his addresses in a quarter where exposure was almost an absolute certainty. The *Mail* gives us first-class editorials, its cricketing column is not to be despised, but in the matter of society scandals it is perhaps as well to fling the mantle of charity around the latest society scandal of the *Mail*. As a society scandal, in the words of the immortal Mr. Pope, "There haint nuthin' to it."

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The first large indoor At Home of the season was that of Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, on Saturday afternoon of last week. The highest praise that I can give to the affair is very high praise indeed, when I say that it was worthy to be the predecessor of the many brilliant and similar events which will have followed it before next spring. It is seldom, except when they are going to this hospitable house, that society streams in such numbers so far to the westwards as on last Saturday. The flowery suburb was invaded by very many of the fairest flowers from all parts of the city. There is a charm about entertainments and festive gatherings at this time of year, which is wanting in their counterparts when the season proper is well under way. People have but just returned from their journeyings in all parts of the world, and often for the first time since their return meet under such an hospitable roof as the one that sheltered them on Saturday. There is a kindliness and *bonhommie* throughout the ranks of society, which especially shows itself in the genuine pleasure felt by its members when they meet after a few months' parting. The majority who have traveled have much to tell of their travels, and the minority who have stayed at home if they know how to answer the invariable question, "And what have you been doing in town?" are certain to interest their questioners. There is something else to discuss than the excellence of Mrs. DeSmythe's floor or the crush at Mrs. Fitz-Browne's reception. But *revenons a nos moutons!* At Mrs. Langmuir's the Italian harpers harped their sweetest, and for such an occasion what music can be better than the music of harps? Just loud enough to form an accompaniment to the saying of soft nothings, and not so loud, as in the presence of a brass band, to cause talkers to raise their voices. The spacious house was full, but not overcrowded, and as they left but few guests can have failed to pronounce a verdict favorable to the success of their entertaining. I am told that everybody was there, but the first room I entered I found so pleasant, that I left it reluctantly and after so long waiting that I saw but few people.

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Amongst others were Dr. and Mrs. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Mercer Adam, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. Harrison, the Misses Macdonald, Mr. C. Macdonell and Miss M. Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout, Mrs. George H. Jarvis, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Miss F. Cumberland, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Mr. Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Todd, Mrs. and Miss Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Sir Adam and Lady Wilson, Miss Wilson, Sir Daniel Wilson and Miss Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. C. A. Pipon, Col. G. T. Denison, Mrs. G. T. Denison and the Misses Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Lefroy, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. John O. Heward, Mrs. Heward, Miss Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grassett, Col. and Mrs. Grassett, Canon Dumoulin, Mrs. Dumoulin, Miss Dumoulin, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. Cassimer Dickson.

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Preceded at the end of last week by the last of their guests—and there has been a long line of them throughout the summer—Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Carbrooke have returned this week from the Georgian Bay, and Longulssa knows them no more.

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Mr. and Mrs. Drayton and Miss Drayton of Victoria, B.C., who were at one time residents of Parkdale, were in town this week for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Drayton are on their way to Europe, via New York, and intend to winter on the other side of the Atlantic.

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Sir David Macpherson went to Montreal for a few days on Wednesday.

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The Misses Merritt of St. George street have come back to town. The Misses Merritt have been enterprising travelers for besides staying for some time at Banff and in British Columbia, they have made the comparatively unknown trip to the far off coasts of Alaska.

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Miss Cockburn of Ottawa is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart on College avenue.

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Mrs. Albert Nordheimer returned to town this week looking much the better for her long spell of health-giving Rocky Mountain ozone. Rumors that Mrs. Nordheimer thinks of spending the winter in Europe I believe to be unfounded. *Qui vivra verra.*

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A young man's "coming of age" is always a period of interest to the fairer members of the community, nor is that interest unshared by members of the sterner sex when this central figure gives promise of future excellence in the general interests of society. Such an one, it is generally conceded by those who know him, is Mr. Maurice J. Taylor, whose majority was attained last Thursday. On that evening the hospitable doors of ex-Ald. John Taylor were flung open to the friends who had gathered to offer their congratulations on such a pleasant occasion. A pleasant evening had been anticipated by all, and such anticipations were more than realised. Corlett's orchestra furnished an admirable auxiliary to the dancing, which was kept up well nigh unto the incoming of the early-rising milkman. The refreshments were served by Webb's people, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by those who had the pleasure of offering their congratulations to Mr. Maurice Taylor on Thursday last. Amongst those present were Miss Ross, Miss Birdie Ross, Miss Gooderham, Miss Lee, Miss Mabel Lee, Miss Rose, Miss Maggie Gooderham, Miss J. Taylor, Miss Aggie Taylor, Miss Taylor, Miss Hudson, Miss Duncan of Brantford, Miss Smith, Miss Holmes, Miss Burgess, Miss Maggie Burgess, Miss Croft, Miss Lizzie Croft, Miss McKay, Miss Taylor, Miss Leila Taylor, Mrs. Robinson, Messrs. Cecil Lee, Geo. Heyd of Brantford, Chas. Duncan of Brantford, J. S. King, Wm. Rose, R. A. Widdowson, T. Croft, Wm. Morse, Chas. Morse, H. Hunter, B. Thompson, E. S. Kingsley, E. M. Lake, Geo. Rose, H. B. Meldrum, T. C. Barr, A. McKay, B. McKay, E. Forster, M. Parker, J. Robinson and F. Hudson.

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The Agramonte concert drew a large and fashionable audience to the Pavilion last week. The names of the various singers were, of course, largely responsible for this. Miss Robinson and Mrs. McKelcan have a host of admirers in Toronto and elsewhere, and Mrs. Corlett-Thomson's friends are legion. In addition to this I suspect there was some curiosity amongst the musical people of Toronto as to the result of Agramonte's teaching. Mr. J. F. Thomson's re-appearance on the concert platform was very pleasant to many besides myself, who used to enjoy his singing in days gone by. Amongst the audience I noticed Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Mr. Rolly Moffatt, Mr. Tilley, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Smith, Miss Nellie Ryan of Brockville, Miss Rogers of Brooklyn, Mrs. and the Misses Kings-Dodds, Mr. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Miss Milligan, Miss Mary Milligan, Mrs. Scadding, Miss Buntin and Miss Matthews.

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The Little Maid's Club held their first At Home at the residence of Mr. Boultbee, 43 St. George street, on Saturday last. The club is composed of Misses Florence Mills, Grace Mills, Amy Howland, Nora Watson, Maud Dwight, Nettie Rolph, Rossie Boultbee, Ethel Mulock, Kitty Paterson, none of whom is over thirteen years old. On account of the rain the bazaar in connection with the At Home was held indoors, and was not as successful as it might have been, but the various attractions of tennis, tea, fortune telling, besides the sale of fancy work, realized the sum of fifty-five dollars, which sum was formally presented on Tuesday morning by the young ladies of the club to the lady managers of the Infants' Home for the expenses of a cot, for which good object they intend holding an At Home each year. The rooms and grounds were very tastefully decorated and the young ladies, the tables and refreshments looked very inviting. Among those who helped by their kind attendance were Mrs. Mulock, Miss Scott, Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. A. E. Williamson, Mrs. McLean Howard, Mrs. McCollough, Mr. Golding, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight, Miss Graham, Mr. T. M. Harrison, Mr. F. McLean, Mr. Dockay, Mr. W. Mulock, also a number of young ladies from Miss Veal's school.

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Mrs. F. C. Clemow is here from Ottawa visiting her mother, Mrs. J. C. Fitch of Jarvis street.

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One pleasant face will, in future, be seen less often on the streets of Toronto by the appointment of Mr. A. Monro Grier to an important position on the C. P. R. It is seldom that an offer of such importance is made to one so young as Mr. Grier. The latter, however, I take it, will have to make some sacrifices in accepting such an offer. He is by long odds the best all round public speaker amongst our legal young men; he has any amount of capacity for sustained hard work, and from his services to his party might reasonably have hoped for a comparatively early entrance to the Dominion House. By the acceptance of his present appointment Mr. Grier will, of necessity be compelled to abandon, for some years at any rate, his dreams of a parliamentary career. What the exact nature of the offer made to him by Mr. VanHorne is, I am quite unable to say, but am under the impression that it will ultimately develop into that of Assistant to the President.

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The news of the temporary breaking up of one of Toronto's most popular families will be a source of regret to many. It was only this week that it was decided that Mrs. Yarker and the Misses Yarker should go abroad for the winter and possibly longer. The artistic attractions which the Saxon capital offers make it likely that Dresden will be chosen as the foreign headquarters of these ladies. Mr. Yarker remains in town, but his house on Beverley street, the scene of so many hospitable gatherings will either be closed or possibly leased. The name of Mrs. Ford Jones of Gananoque is mentioned as a possible tenant.

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Mr. and Mrs. Fisken have taken Mr. John Cawthra's house on Beverley street for the winter. It seems probable that the reputation for hospitality which the house enjoys will be maintained by its present occupants.

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The Rev. Edward Downton of London, England, is staying with the Hon. Justice and Mrs. Ferguson on Sherbourne street.

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Mr. R. Coventry, another visitor from England, has been spending a week in town and has left for the west.

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Although owing, to a large extent, to the want of new pieces in her *repertoire* Miss Rosina Vokes has not drawn as large houses this week as are due to the talents of herself and her company, yet she has been as popular as ever with fashion. On Tuesday and Wednesday her audiences were especially smart. Amongst others in the house on these evenings I noticed Miss Cumberland, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, the Misses Yarker, Miss Jones, Miss Strachan, Mr. Strathy, Miss Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Lefroy, Miss Cartwright, Mr. Stinson, the Messrs. Moffatt, Miss Brinton, Mr. and Mrs. Rene Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. Arthur Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh of Hamilton, Mr. R. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Messrs. Robinson and Skinner of Hamilton. Much is expected of the new piece Tears, an adaptation from a French play, and which is be played for the first time to night. It is to be hoped that the unaccountable prejudice which seems to exist against theater-going on Saturday night will, for once, be overcome, and that a good first-night audience will result.

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Mrs. Cayley and the Misses Cayley have returned from their house on Lake Rosseau.

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Rumors gain ground that an engagement, one of the parties to which is pretty intimately connected with the law, is actually settled. The probabilities of this bethrothal have long been discussed.

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A portion of Miss Rosina Vokes' popular company were entertained by the bachelors of Tintagel, McCaul street, one evening this week.

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Miss Stewart of Quebec is staying with relations here.

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A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART

By EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

PREFACE—A Bad Man's Sweetheart was begun by me several years ago and contains in many respects more fact than fiction. The story is of our own time and the scene of it our own city. Many of the characters may not seem unfamiliar to Toronto people though I have combined the peculiarities of several persons and attributed them in numerous instances to one central figure. The story of the diamond swindle as well as of Lawyer Killick's private room is taken from an incident which came under my own observation during my newspaper work in an American city. The relentless pursuit of Dell Browning, the heroine of the story, is a chapter from real life which was opened to me while in a Southern city. The career of Stephen Tully is not a fiction, and in the minor details of the novel it has been my aim to adhere strictly to realism and be faithful to nature. It has been remarked that all my stories are more or less to do with religion. Those who watch the life of our Canadian people must know that no faithful narrative can be related which does not receive some color from the religious surroundings of the characters. I prize too highly the beauties of the really religious character, and esteem too earnestly the glorious truths of Christianity, to deal with them in a spirit of levity or disrespect, or make any reference nothing to weaken the power of Christian truth. That I have sometimes chosen the wolf in sheep's clothing as a character, is the result of a belief that in such a way I might do some good, for no one is so dangerous to religion, virtue and commercial honor, as he who hides his villainies under the cloak of hypocrisy. Those reading this story will find that piety is exalted as the most beautiful of human attributes, for I would rather lay down my pen and never write another line than feel that what I have written may have done aught to hinder or weaken the child of faith, or place in the path of the humblest wayfarer the slightest stumbling block. On the other hand, if anything I have written should strengthen the weak or give fresh courage to the weary, I will feel that in the Last Great Day it will be held to my credit, as even those who give a cup of water to one of His children will not go unrewarded.—THE AUTHOR.]

CHAPTER I.

THE LATE JOHN KING.

The closed shutters and the long folds of crape pendant from the door knob intimated to the passer-by that someone was dead at No. 25 Mowburn street. The someone was John King. In the handsome drawing room, amid the trappings and millinery of death, as provided by a fashionable undertaker, John King lay in state in the most expensive coffin his weeping widow could procure. John King had left his widow and ten-year-old son with fortune enough to keep them in comfort, but when his eyes closed in death there was no agony in their gray depths except the fear that his wife was unable to take care of herself and her boy. With his last effort he had turned and grasped his little boy's hand and faintly whispered, "Be good to her, Jack." The little fellow sprang from the slender girl who held him, and with his freckled hands clasping his father's face, kissed passionately the stiffening lips. The weeping girl bent over the dying man to remove the child, and heard—"and you, Dell—good to her." His eyes again sought his wife's face, God lifted the cloud of fear, and John King died with a happy look on his stern face that death could not chill from the firm lips and sunken jaw, over which swept the long reddish-blonde moustache, which in life had scarcely ever wreathed a smile.

Light enough, that late summer afternoon, crept through the shutters, to show the ragged, but intellectual, beauty of the dead man's face, with its smile of peaceful content. Leaning with his elbow on the mantelpiece, a living man stood gazing calmly at the dead. "The old fellow looks happy, doesn't he?" he said, thinking in half audible communion with himself; "really more so than when he was alive. He evidently prefers being dead to practicing law in the day-time and teaching mission-school at night. Never had any leisure nor pleasure; poor old chap, he's having a rest now that will last him! Wonder if in the other jurisdiction he'll find a chance to make up for the fun he missed here! Duty! Duty! Duty! Always "Duty"; no time to sing a song or take a drink, or join the rest of us in some sport! Poor fellow, a sense of duty and lung disease spoiled a brilliant career!" The speaker yawned, as if startled by the idea, stroked his moustache, straightened himself up and with his hands in his pockets strolled towards the window, stopping for a moment to look more closely at the white face in the coffin.

"Can't be much consolation to the widow to see John looking so happy to get away from her, can it? They seemed happy enough and she's a deuced fine looking woman too! Don't suppose he ever noticed her looks; too busy hunting for some fad." These thoughts followed him to the window where he turned the slats in the blind and looked out on the quiet street. "'King & Tully, Barristers'! Yes, I'll have to have that changed into 'Stephen Tully, Barrister, Solicitor, etc.'! Big thing for me coming into the whole practice!—if I can hold it." This last thought troubled him for a moment—"I'll have to go slow if I want to keep that church crowd's business; they swore by King,"—after a time—"if they swore at all, and I suppose everybody swears either aloud or to themselves."

"Who are you?" demanded a sharp voice behind him.

The lawyer turned slowly from the window—Stephen Tully never moved rapidly or without dignity—and surveyed the owner of the voice. "Ah, Master John, I didn't hear you come in. Come over and shake hands with me."

"I won't," Master John responded fiercely. "I don't like you. My papa is dead. Go away, and never come here again."

A boy of ten is never very dangerous except as a tell-tale, but this boy, with freckled, tear-stained face, swollen lips and eyes red with weeping, impressed Mr. Tully as very absurd. The little fellow clenched his hands and advanced threateningly, and this made Mr. Tully laugh.

"How dare you laugh when my papa is dead? You bad man! I struck Jane this morning because she laughed, and I'll strike you," he added, after a choking sob and the comprehension of his own weakness, "with a rock if you laugh when I'll never see my papa again."

Stephen Tully was eminently a handsome man and of imposing appearance. His voice was pleasant, and his face, expressionless in repose, was bright and captivating when animated. He comprehended the boy, and determined to comfort and win him. "You startled me, my little friend, and the surprise made me smile, but do not think I was laughing at your grief. I, too, have reason to weep for him—he was my best friend." Mr. Tully's voice sank to a choking whisper, and as he turned towards the coffin he put his handkerchief to his eyes, as if in tears,

"Then what made you laugh?" demanded the boy, with sullen obstinacy of unbelief.

The door opened and a slender figure robed in black entered the room and laid a gentle hand on the irate boy. "Oh, Auntie Dell," he sobbed against the arm which had been thrown about him, "that nasty man laughed at me and said I was a little fool!"

"I beg your pardon, but I did nothing of the kind, Miss Browning. I smiled in surprise at his fierce demand that I should instantly quit the premises, but I did not call him a 'little fool' or speak unkindly to him." Mr. Tully explained with the nearest approach to embarrassment Miss Browning had ever seen him betray.

"He laughed, Auntie Dell," persisted the boy, "and his eyes said—said the nasty words."

"Aha! my little man; you go too fast, and might have made Miss Browning think me rude and unfeeling to the son of my old friend and partner. But you wouldn't have believed it of me, would you, Miss Dell."

"Of course I would have believed it if Jack had said so," she answered softly, while she stroked the boy's soft red-brown hair.

"What makes you let him call you that," demanded Jack, sharply pushing her hand from his head.

"Call me what, Jack?"

"Why 'Miss Dell'! You ain't his Auntie Dell—only mine. You don't like him, do you?" (interrogatory pause.) "Say, do you, Auntie Dell? I hate him!"

The latter part of the last ideas as a suggestion of the answer he desired her to make, but Auntie Dell refused to concur.

"You must talk as loud and cross, Jack. What would your poor papa say if he could hear you?" she spoke in gentle reproof, but in an instant saw her mistake. The boy reminded of his bereavement, sprang from her side and threw himself upon the pulseless breast of his father, with wild protestations of love. "Nobody loves Jack now! Everybody hates me!" he sobbed hysterically.

Mr. Tully looked displeased, even disgusted. Miss Browning tried to comfort the weeping child, but Jack refused to quit his place beside the dead or cease his outcries. At this moment the door again opened, almost concealing Mr. Tully, who stood behind it.

"Oh, Dell, take him out, or he'll scream himself to death. How could you be so thoughtless as to let him come here, when you knew what a state he's in, and I so low that I can hardly walk!" These words gasped out with querulous intonation, as if the speaker were faint and ill-natured, came from Mrs. King, who in dishabille leaned against the door and made Mr. Tully's position untenable. As he stepped out of the shadow Mrs. King started violently, and exclaiming "I had no idea there were others here!" seized Jack and hurriedly left the room. Jack resisted at first, with an appealing look from his friend made him consent, though at the door he asked, "You'll come and read to me before dinner, won't you, Auntie Dell?"

"Yes, dear, very soon," she answered, and the door closed, leaving her alone with Stephen Tully and the dead. For a moment neither spoke, and then with a quiet smile Mr. Tully invited Dell to be seated by him on the cushioned recess of the window. She looked curiously at him as she sat down, and he answered her by gazing in her face for a moment and saying:

"Your repose and restful face are pleasant after the exhibition we've just had of that demented boy and his dishevelled mother. What a fright the widow looked! One could scarce imagine grief to have such a disastrous effect on beauty. But, perhaps it was because she hadn't her hair combed and had forgotten to put on part of her dress!" He spoke banteringly, and Dell watched his face with the same curious look with which she almost always regarded him.

"You forget, Mr. Tully, that both grief and neglect of dress are excusable in Mrs. King under the circumstances."

"No, I don't, Miss Reproof, and when Mrs. King discovered my presence she didn't forget her lack of comeliness any more than I did. But you always look well and cool. I really be lieve a tired man could stand on one foot for an hour in the hot sun and rest himself and grow cool and comfortable, simply by gazing on you. I do indeed, though you observe me with that 'wonder-if-I-can-believe-him' look."

"Please don't talk so heedlessly!" exclaimed Dell, drawing further away from him. "You frighten me with your lack of regard for what ordinarily restrains people. How can you joke and carry on over the corpse of a man who was your partner and friend—and more, Stephen Tully—your benefactor!"

"My dear Miss Browning, I am not joking, and I am not 'carrying-on,' except in the sense of trying to carry on a conversation, which you desire to be conducted on a funeral basis while I am endeavoring, by ordinary good humor, to prevent both of us from bursting into tears. Just one more word from you and the tears and fountains will gush forth and you will have as much trouble comforting me as you had with Master Jack. Are you prepared to take the risk?"

"Yes: I am ready to take the risk of you showing any sign of ordinary sympathy with sorrow of any kind. Life means a joke to you, and even death appears to have no terrors to your torpid conscience. Nothing but your good temper, and what some people may think your good looks save you from being a monster."

"I'm glad something saves me from it, my sweet Asphodel," he cried gaily, trying to seize her hand. She sprang up angrily.

"This is no time or place for gallantries, Mr. Tully. I believe I am included in Mr. King's will as one of the executors. I'll wait here after the funeral to morrow, when you and Mr. Stryde will be expected to call at, say, four o'clock. Good afternoon."

Mr. Tully showed no signs of being crushed, but took his dismissal with the good-humored alacrity, which disarmed further reproof.

CHAPTER II.

TELLS US SOMETHING MORE ABOUT STEPHEN TULLY.

After Stephen Tully left the house on Mowburn street he glanced at his watch and walked rapidly towards the park. As he fastened his gloves and smoothed out the front of his coat and carefully buttoned it, he asked himself, "How is it that Dell Browning has such influence over me? Here I have been hunting around that house communing with the departed and inhaling the perfume of crepe and artificial flowers for an hour, just to get a glimpse of her, and then am sat upon and sent about my business with a lecture for my pains. What a young fury that Jack is! I thought he would scratch my eyes out. Whoever married the widow will have a cash job training the boy. Likely enough I will have to marry the widow and orphan myself if I don't have a hold on me or Mrs. King shows a disposition to let anybody else manage her property."

"Hello, Tully!" cried a friend accosting him. "Been over to King's, I suppose. When is the funeral?"

"To-morrow at two. I suppose you'll be around," answered Stephen cheerfully. "We want to give the old fellow a good send-off."

"There's no fear about the size of the funeral. Every lawyer in the city will turn out. Everybody liked John King—and his partner of course. By the way, I saw that pretty typewriter girl of yours in the park just now. Seemed to be waiting for someone; you probably," laughed his friend with a knowing look.

"It can't be me the old fellow. Probably one of the boys in the office. They are all busy at rest to-day, you know, and the entire staff are apparently captives at her feet."

"Oh, no, I couldn't be you. No one could seriously suspect you of making appointments with young ladies in the park," said his friend, slowly closing one eye. "You should give some fellows advice. She is too pretty to be out in the evening without her ma. Good bye."

"Don't judge everyone by yourself, Chandler, you old rascal. Good night!" retorted Tully, and then, as he resumed his walk, "Confound that fellow, he is a worse gossip than his wife, and she ought to be indicted as a public nuisance. What put the idea in his head that I was going to meet Cora? I'll have to drop her if people are beginning to talk about it. I have never been seen together—that's one comforting fact—and I should not have made this appointment to-night if I hadn't insisted. There she is now; someone bowing to her! Yes, and he must turn around and size me up! This affair will have to end right here."

The young lady who stood waiting for Mr. Tully was strikingly handsome. Dark, self-possessed and graceful, her handsome and well-made garments displayed a figure of unusual symmetry. No one observing her haughty carriage would have guessed that she kept the books and operated a type-writer in the law office of King & Tully, Barristers, on the limited salary of ten dollars a week, and, had they been so informed, they might have wondered how she found means to buy fashionable dresses. Cruel and unjust remarks had indeed been excited by her stylish costumes, but those who knew her were aware that her mother was a dressmaker, and that the proud Cora did not disdain to sew for herself.

"How late you are," she exclaimed, as she joined Mr. Tully in his walk. "I have been waiting nearly half an hour for you."

"And enjoying it apparently," answered Stephen, somewhat crustily. "You seem to be quite the center of attraction."

"Oh, you mean that fellow who bowed. He doesn't live here, so you needn't be afraid our meeting will be talked about."

"I think, Cora, you might have made yourself a little less conspicuous—worn a veil or something. I met Chandler just now; he told me you were waiting for someone."

"Told you I was waiting for you! He couldn't have known that. And why should I try to disguise myself?"

"Well, he saw you waiting, and guessed the rest. It'll be all over town before morning. I suppose it won't matter much, but we'll have to take care that it doesn't happen again." With this Stephen endeavored to resume his good-nature, and tucked her hand under his arm.

"See that what doesn't happen again," she inquired, her dark eyes fixed full on his face.

"Our being seen together."

"And why not?" she demanded.

"Because it will be talked about."

"And what if it is?"

"It will injure me, that's what," retorted Stephen considerably nettled.

"How?" she insisted.

"Stephen Tully, *every how!* Now that King is dead it will take me all my time to hold our business together. He had all the respectability and social position of the firm, and if it is said that I am—am—er—er too thick with a young lady clerk in our office, my high-toned clients will suddenly take their business elsewhere."

"And how about me?" she insisted huskily.

"Oh, I won't forget you, my pretty Cora. I'll look after you, but you had better get a situation in some other office, and I'll slip around and see you in the evenings, if your mamma won't object."

She had been leaning somewhat heavily on his arm, and her trembling moved him to pity, for Stephen Tully was a kind-hearted man. He would carry a lame dog for blocks, nurse it like a sick child and turn it loose when well, with the remark that it was slow able to live on the public as he did, and would have to take its chance.

He never intentionally gave pain to anyone, and the humblest employe in his office always had a cheery greeting from Mr. Tully when he entered in the morning. Mrs. McCaffrey, the old apple woman; Kitty, the flower girl; old Dennis, who brought the evening papers; and the boot-black who made his headquarters in the hall below, all considered Stephen Tully the ideal gentleman and generous patron. Who, indeed, took up a subscription for Mrs. McCaffrey when she was sick, and paid old Dennis' rent when he got his leg broke, but Mr. Stephen Tully. Who bought Kitty's flowers and had her pin them on the coats of his friends when in the evening of a dull day she found him at the club? When Sorrel Top gambled off his bootblack's kit who gave him half a dollar to start him in business again? Who indeed but Mr. Stephen Tully? He never taught in mission schools nor secretly gave thousands of dollars to feed the poor as his partner did, but he was more popular with the boys, and some went so far as to say he was even a kinder hearted man than John King, only he took a different way of showing it. He honored to all the clubs, subscribed liberally when the boys got up regattas or games of any sort, and no dinner party was complete without Stephen Tully to start "For he's a jolly good fellow," and sing his inimitable comic songs. True enough, staid papas, who were glad to have him at masculine dinners, were often slow to invite him to meet mamma and the girls for he was suspected of being a trifle "fast." The handsome Mr. Tully did not think this for he managed introductions somehow, and invitations in plenty were regularly coaxed out of mamma by the young ladies themselves, who never could believe anything bad about the brilliant young lawyer who was credited with an income of eight or ten thousand a year.

Stephen Tully's generous nature could not resist the emotion his abrupt announcement had caused and yielding to his habit of temporizing with difficulties, he determined to defer his "break up" with Cora Burnham until a more convenient season, while he, in the meantime, would treat her more coldly and let her accustomed to his face looking elsewhere for employment and a lover.

"Don't feel badly about it, my sweet Cora," said he, pulling his arm around her affectionately. "It won't be right away, you know, and in the end it will be for the best."

"I don't care for the situation; I won't starve if I lose it, but I thought you loved me!" she sobbed.

"I do love you, Cora, and I would not ask you to make the sacrifice even for a little while, if I did not believe you love me and would not like to injure my prospects."

"When shall I have to go?" she asked, after a struggle to control her voice.

"Oh, not for a month or more, till we get our accounts straightened out, and not then if I can get a good partner, who can hold King's business and keep solid with the church crowd, who had so much confidence in the deceased and so little in me!"

Cora Burnham was too clever a girl not to know that Mr. Tully was trying to deceive her, but in time she felt sure she could make herself indispensable, and gain a power over him which would result in her becoming Mrs. Tully. Already she was possessed of knowledge which, had Mr. Tully known it, would have made her a dangerous enemy. Now that Mr. King was no more, certain irregularities of which Mr. Tully had been guilty, could be changed to the dead, and instinctively she felt that the favor she had done the junior partner in concealing the matter in the firm's books, was to be forgotten, and the tie which had drawn them together was now to be relaxed, and soon to be severed. As she walked by his side in the deepening twilight, her brain was busy. How much she could depend upon his gratitude, and how long would she have in which to gain some fresh claim upon his confidence, if not upon his fear? If he had used money belonging to clients when it was guarded by that vigilant and upright man who now lay dead, would not he be likely to be still more reckless when alone and less careful of immediate consequences. She knew him well, and while he was thinking how nicely he was getting out of his entanglement, she had determined on the course she would pursue.

"I suppose it will be for the best, and I won't care so long as I know you love me, Stephen," she whispered, pressing her face against his shoulder and looking up at him confidingly. "Have you thought of any one for a partner?"

"No; I can't say I have. Killick mentioned the matter to me the other day, when the doctors gave King up, and told me to come 'round and see him after the funeral."

"You wouldn't think of it for a minute, would you?" exclaimed Cora, stopping in astonishment.

"Why not?" demanded Tully, who really had not thought twice of the matter, "he is middle-aged and impressive; he is a great temperance worker and church man, and has a big practice of his own. I think he is as good a man as I can get to hold King's business!"

"There isn't a more thoroughly bad old scoundrel in Toronto than James J. Killick, and you know it, Steve Tully!" gasped Cora in astonishment. "He knows about that other thing, too!"

"Well, what if he does? He can't use it now that King is dead. He stopped Mr. Tully, who, not relishing the reference to his past offences, thought it would be advisable to remind Miss Cora Burnham that she no longer had any hold upon him. "If he has all the influence of being considered good and lacks the inconvenient scruples which used to make King such a nuisance, it will be all the better."

"Oh, Steve, you can't be serious," pleaded Cora. "It is a sin to mention him and poor Mr. King in the same breath! If you want respectability get some one else, for people will be sure to find him out, and no one is so detested as a sneak and hypocrite who trades on religion and morality, and uses them to hide his wickedness. Get some really good man, Steve! There are plenty of them who are prominent and good like Mr. King was. J. J. Killick means you no good or after knowing what he does he would not offer to go into partnership with you. He intends to get hold of your business and tangle you up and disgrace you, Steve, I know it as certainly as if he had told me,"

"If Mr. Tully's ire had not been aroused by the excited girl's appeal he would have seen the force of her reasoning, but he was angry and unreasonable. "Don't talk to me as if I were a fool. I guess I have taken care of myself so far and J. J. Killick isn't smart epough to do me up.

"I'll say no more," sighed Cora, who felt she had gone too far. "I worked in his office for a month and he insulted me, something no one else ever did!"

"There you see, it is nothing but a personal dislike," laughed Mr. Tully, "though, really, a man of his age and standing should be ashamed to make eyes at the young ladies in his office—he should leave that sort of thing to young fellows like me. You are home now, so good-night, my fiery Cora."

"Good-night, Steve! You are not angry, are you? I only spoke as I did because I love you so much, not because—because I wanted to remind you of that other thing," she whispered, still clinging to his arm.

"That's all right, Cora. I know you meant well! It made me a little hot to hear it, but here's forgiveness," and stooping down he kissed her good-night.

(To be Continued.)

Rather Frugal-Minded.

At the seaside.

Dorothy—But, Herman, I can't answer you now. I—I—give me time to think before I reply.

Herman (with rapturous passion)—Certainly, my own angel; but don't make it too long, because it costs me fifteen shillings and sixpence a day at this wretched hotel.

Much More Important.

An umbrella dealer tells how to open an umbrella without damaging it. It would be more important to know how to take your eyes off an umbrella without losing it.

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SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

Gerard Comber's Secret.

CHAPTER III.

A STRANGE CONFESSION.

On a certain sunshiny afternoon in June, some ten years after the events recorded in our last chapter, the village of Grassmere, Somerset, showed signs of unwonted excitement. It was a charming spot, this Somerset village, nor-sed half-way up the beautiful Quantock Hills, surrounded by the loveliest woodland scenery, and commanding a full view of the calm waters of the Bristol Channel, with a rugged outline of the Welsh coast in the blue distance. A gay marquee had been erected in the grounds of the local squire, from which proceeded the inspiring strains of instrumental music. A school treat was in progress in one of the neighboring fields, and crowds of visitors disported themselves upon the smooth lawns of Hyacinth Hall. And yet, amid all this gaiety, a careful observer might have detected certain signs of sadness. It was evidently not altogether a joyful occasion, in spite of the bright dresses, bright sunshine, and sprightly music; for the popular and well-liked clergyman of the parish was about to leave them, and the flower show at Squire Trinder's had been taken advantage of as a fitting opportunity to present the departing minister with a farewell testimony and address.

Nor was it to be wondered at that the good folk at Grassmere should have been sorry to lose their pastor, even though he was going to take charge of a grand new church in London. He was a man of not only great wealth and refinement, but of genuine sweetness of disposition. Everybody loved him, from the proudest county families down to old Nancy, who lived in the smoky hut on the top of the hill, and who was generally avoided by the village gossips as a suspected witch. And then, too, he was something that most country parsons very seldom are—he was very rich. Why a man with two thousand a year of his own should have chosen to settle down in an obscure country parish like Grassmere nobody could imagine. But he did; and nobly he used his wealth, as dozens of religious, educational, and charitable organizations could testify. Yet, with all this—wealth, popularity, and influence—he never gave one the impression of being a happy man. There was a melancholy upon his face that never left it; and every year he seemed to grow thinner and paler and sadder, until his parishioners arrived at the conclusion that he must be in a galloping decline.

Such was Gerard Comber—the Rev. Gerard Comber, M.A.—at the age of thirty-three. Look at him now, as he stands pale and agitated, surrounded by a throng of gentlemen and ladies. Does he look like a man who has just received a splendid testimonial of glittering plate, accompanied by an illuminated address? Why did that spasm of pain pass over his face when Mr. Trinder, the Squire of Grassmere, strongly praised him as an honor to the Church, and acknowledged the never-to-be-forgotten value of his spiritual services to the parish? Surely it was something more than dislike to flattery, or even a natural impulse to humility. And what could he have meant when in replying to the address, and taking a final leave of his parishioners, he told them, in solemn and impressive tones, that they would never see his face again?

At last the festivities were over, and the assembly dispersed. It was noticed that Mr. Comber took a hurried leave of his entertainers, and seemed anxious to get away. But when nobody noticed, or even suspected, was the look of agony with which he sank into a chair on reaching his dismantled study, and the stifled cry which rose to his lips—"Oh, God, forgive me all, and grant me strength for what lies before me!"

An hour later, about half-past seven o'clock, Mr. Comber put on a soft felt hat, turned the key in his study door, and set out to walk in the direction of the nearest town. His face was whiter and more haggard than usual, but it bore a look of determination that was new to it. No one passed him on the way, and the evening fell on. The town was seven miles off. On he went—tramp, tramp, along the silent road—his lips shut, his eyes gazing blankly in front of him, a deep sigh ever and anon heaving up from his broad chest. What could have been his business in the town at that hour of the day?

At last he arrived. He walked steadily on up the High street, looked about him, and then turned up a narrow thoroughfare in which there was a gas lamp inscribed with the words "Police Station." The door was ajar, and he walked in.

"Can I see the inspector?"

"I am the inspector," replied the occupant of the room—a grey-haired man, with a pleasant face. "What can I do for you, sir?"

"My name is Gerard Comber," said the clergyman, with a visible effort. "I live at Grassmere—you may know of me."

"Mr. Comber!" exclaimed the inspector. "I'm sure I beg your pardon for not recognising you, sir. Every one knows you hereabouts, sir. Nobody more respected, if I may take the liberty of saying so."

"Don't, please," uttered Gerard Comber, in a faint voice. "I have come to give myself in charge for the crime of murder!"

"Murder!" almost shouted the inspector, who immediately concluded that his visitor had gone mad. "Take care what you're saying, sir. Words like murder ain't to be lightly used."

"Have the goodness to take down my deposition," replied Gerard.

The inspector stared doubtfully at him, wondering what was to come next. Then, seeing that Gerard was waiting for him to do as he was asked, he took a sheet of paper, dipped his pen in the ink, and prepared to write. At that supreme moment, a strong shudder passed over Gerard's emaciated frame. What was he about to do? Vividly before his mind's eye there rose a scene which might well appal the stoutest. He saw the dock, with the shadow of himself beneath it; the judge in scarlet ermine, with the terrible cap of death upon his head; the court crowded with eager and horror-stricken faces, many of which he knew; then came a vision of the condemned cell; and finally the awful prison yard, with its grim instrument of execution standing behind a black cartoon. There was still an opportunity of escape. His secret was still safe—still unsuspected. Should he preserve it even now?

The struggle passed, and left him conqueror. He raised his head, signed to the inspector to proceed, and spoke as follows:

"Ten years ago," he said, in a faint but perfectly clear voice, "I was living in Old street, Stepney, with a friend of mine named Harold Ewart. We were engaged in work among the East-End poor, and one evening, after a hard day's labor, Mr. Ewart came home feeling ill. A doctor was sent for, and it soon became evident that my friend had caught the smallpox. Everything possible was done for him, but without result. He died in the middle of the night on Thursday, the 14th January. 187—.

"The night of his death I was sitting in an adjoining room, feeling that while he still lingered it was impossible for me to go to bed. Looking for a book upon the mantelpiece, I discovered an unopened letter which the servant had, I suppose, put there and forgotten, addressed to myself. It was from my uncle, Mr. Samuel Glover, informing me that he was about to marry a lady who had, up till that time, been receiving a salary from him as his housekeeper. I had always looked upon myself as my uncle's heir; he had a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, and there was, in fact, strong reason to believe that he had actually left the bulk of it to me in a will executed some years before. My whole future was now wrecked. By what I, in my selfish haste, considered the baseness and cruelty of an infatuated old man, I was suddenly reduced from prospective affluence to comparative poverty. My whole soul rebelled against the injustice, and I swore that, by fair means or foul, this fatal marriage never should take place. Then the devil entered into me. My uncle, in his letter, had asked me to be magnanimous and congratulate him. I determined that I would, and determined also that the congratulations he demanded should be made the means of preventing his marriage and ensuring his fortune for myself.

"I went into Ewart's death room. On a table by his bedside lay some envelopes and writing paper he had been trying to use a day or two previously. He had had them in bed with him, and it was impossible but that they should have been thoroughly impregnated with the infection. I knew I could use them with impunity, as I had had the disease already. Ewart was unconscious; the nurse was sitting with her back to me. I secured them, took them into the next room, wrote my letter of congratulation, and posted it to my uncle on the following day.

"My diabolical scheme worked only too well. My poor uncle received the letter the same night, and shortly afterwards fell ill. I, being absent from home, knew nothing about it for a fortnight, and then only through seeing an announcement of his death in the papers. His disease was smallpox, and I had given it to him. I was his murderer. The lady he was to have married is now, I believe, governess in a preparatory school. I inherited his fortune, and I have now executed a will in which I leave it all to her—the only reparation I can make, beyond the confession of my unnatural and shameful crime."

He ceased. The inspector, grave and inexpressibly shocked, finished the last word, and read over the deposition to Gerard, who signed it. Then he took the prisoner into a small room overhead, saying that it would be his duty to attend with him before the magistrate next day.

CHAPTER IV.

THE END.

For the first time for many years, Gerard Comber felt almost happy. The crushing weight of secret guilt was off his mind. Confession had lightened his conscience. Murderer he might be—hypocrite he was no longer. He had already passed the wicket gate of penitence and preparation. The fearful ordeal of expiation—complete and final expiation—was still before him, but it was only by meeting it cheerfully and unreservedly in a humble and grateful spirit that the peace he had so long forfeited could be regained.

It was some hours before he slept, so great was the excitement he had passed through. Gradually, however, he lost consciousness; and then as he lay upon his hard bed, a strange and wonderful dream came to him. He thought he stood upon the brink of a deep and angry river, while overhead the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, and foul vapors rose around him, filling him with dread. At his feet rushed the dark current; while on the other bank stood two figures watching him—watching him with sad and anxious looks. At first he did not recognise them; then, as though revealed by a sudden gleam of light, their features became distinct. They were Harold Ewart and his murdered uncle; and as he gazed horror-stricken, upon their reproachful faces, he thought he saw them making signs to him to cross. The waves of the river tossed threatningly, as though daring him to take the plunge; behind him the thunder roared, and the wind rose into madness; for a moment he felt paralysed with the sense of danger, and knew not what to do. In his agony he looked once more at the figures on the other side, as though imploring their assistance. They beckoned him to come. Then, with a mighty effort, he flung himself into the stream; the waters rose higher than his breast, and flowed in a great volume all around him; a strange singing was in his ears; he struggled for breath, for freedom, for life, and then came the greatest wave of all—the waters closed over his head.

Water! No; it was blood. And the blood, flowing in a dark torrent from his lips, dyed the bed on which he lay and formed a great pool upon the floor. The strain had been too much for Gerard Comber's enfeebled frame, and a blood vessel had broken while he slept. But he had made what reparation he could, and with the consciousness of that in his soul he crossed the stream in safety and joined the two figures who were awaiting him upon the other side.

Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is the favorite place in Toronto and is largely patronized by ladies and theatre parties. It is strictly first-class; ladies' entrance, reception and dressing rooms.

French Girls and Society.

The French girl can hardly be said to "come out" in society. She is brought out, and is never seen without her mother or some other respectable and watchful chaperon. Everything, to the last minutiae of dress, is planned and managed for her. She is not supposed to have a will or judgment of her own, least of all in the matter of marriage. We are speaking of course, of the average French girl of society. There have been some exceptions—some remarkably intelligent, independent girls, whose hearts chose for them, and whose hands were allowed to go with their hearts. But the average mademoiselle, modest and docile, usually accepts the choice of her parents without much ado—sometimes with alacrity. He, the elect man, is profoundly unknown, but that fact gives to him the vague charm of mystery. Watched and restricted as she has been since her school days ended, she sees in marriage not bondage, but release. Through it will come a new name and new dignity.

And when she is married, how she blossoms out! She revels in emancipation. She who the season before could go nowhere by herself, could not even see her betrothed for five minutes alone, can drive about unquestioned, visit and be visited, can indulge in her likings and caprices, even when they take in her own husband. It is not till after the marriage that the French woman is really brilliant, for it is not until then that she is unconstrained; so, many a man finds that all "unbeknownst" to himself he has won a clever and charming woman. It is strange how often those made up, haphazard marriages prove happy and harmonious. We know they ought not to, but the fact remains that they do.

Rather Awkward.

A noted tenor singer was once rendering a solo in church in Warren's "Te Deum," and mistaking the instructions to the organist as to the use of the stops for the sacred words, sang out at the top of his voice, "Pedal, great gamba, and swell," to the astonishment of the congregation.

He could not account for the uncontrollable and convulsive, through suppressed, laughter on the part of the choir, and was not aware of his mistake until it was explained to him, when he was overcome with mortification.

Another instance was that of a well-known baritone singer, who inadvertently placed the slur on the wrong note.

He had adapted the air of "The Jewish Maiden" to a hymn beginning, "Before the Lord we bow," and instead of placing the slur on the first two last syllables, he placed it on the last one, and rendered it thus, "Before the Lord we bow-wow-wow."

The effect was wonderful. As he had a powerful voice his hearers were thoroughly electrified at this unwonted and unlooked-for canine imitation.

Appearances are Deceptive.

Jobson—Fine looking old man, old Flobson. Looks as if he was chuck full of the milk of human kindness.

Dobson—It's pretty well skimmed milk before he lets it out, though, I can tell you. And then he waters it besides.

How Many Razzers.

Mistress (to the new colored cook)—You will have to prepare a dinner for some guests to-night.

Dinah—Al' right, Missus. How many forks and razors does you want set on the table?

In Vino Veritas.

Mine host (the father of several marriageable maidens)—Ah! here comes the Burundy, gentlemen! I have had this wine in my cellar since— Johann, how long have we had this wine?

Johann—We got it from your father, sir, exactly three days after Fraulein Susanne was born. It is now thirty-one years since!

Neighborly Compliments.

Mrs. Skynner—I'm so sorry to hear your cat ran away, dear, but you know it was a dreadfully greedy animal and wanted to eat all the time. I suppose you know our servant died?

Mrs. Grype—Of starvation, dear!

Not So Serious After All.

Smith—That hunting accident turns out to have been a pretty serious affair. One of the fellows had his brains blown out.

Jones—Who was it?

Smith—Young Sappy.

Jones—Thought you said it was a serious affair.

So Little of It.

Husband (contemplatively)—How true it is, my dear, that the good that men do is oft interred with their bones.

Wife (not contemplatively)—Yes, I s'pose there's so little of it that it isn't considered worth saving."

Certainly Not.

Next time you shiver at having a tooth pulled, think of Joseph Brooks of Colorado. He lay still, and let a bear gnaw his arm off, and thereby saved the rest of his body. Come to read the paragraph again, it was a wooden arm; but Joseph was not to blame for that.

To The Victors Belong The Spoils.

Mr. Houlihan—Phwat the divil do yez be havin' that goat's hide hangin' there for, Teddy?

Mr. Rourke—It do be a trophy av the chase, Tim. To be sure, thot baste Grogan had the nerve to call me the killin' av him; but whin Oi see me Billy's smoile, Oi forgit all about the tin dollars Oi was foined!—*Puck.*

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All About It.

How interesting it is to hear an account of a wedding from the lips of the happy, chattering little bride herself as she recounts the whole affair to one of her intimate friends, who listens eagerly while the bride says:

"And, oh, everything went off perfectly lovely! There wasn't a single hitch from beginning to end, although I was dreadfully nervous, and Will was nervous himself that I was in mortal terror all the time for fear he'd drop the ring or make some horrible mistake when he came to saying: 'I, William, take thee, Isabelle, etc.' but he didn't, although his voice trembled and so did his hand when he took mine. It's a mercy we didn't drop the ring between us! What if we had? What if we had? I'd have died! But we got through the ceremony without a single mistake. And, oh, the church was lovely! Then came the reception and all that—and the congratulations. And it did sound too funny to hear Will saying, 'my wife,' as first—he'd give my hand a little squeeze every time he said it, and I'd come awful near giggling right out, and what if I had? Then the supper! Oh, it was elegant! Everything went off perfectly beautiful! And as for the presents—oh, oh, o-o-h! They—

The short time allotted to our readers for their sojourn on this terrestrial globe moves us to cut this story short, but the remaining ten or more chapters will be sent, on request, to those who are particularly interested in this subject.

The Religious Editor.

He was a smooth-faced, mild mannered young man, and he glided up to the managing editor's desk as silently as death on a pale horse.

"I should like, sir, to secure a position as religious editor on your valuable journal," he murmured.

"Ugh!" grunted the editor not looking up. He repeated his request.

"Has any newspaper experience?" asked the editor, still pegging away.

"Some, sir.

"Can you do a dog fight?"

The young man drew back.

"No, indeed, sir," he replied in evident pain.

"Nor scrapping match?"

"No, sir."

"Nor hustle for police items?"

"No, sir."

"Know anything about horse races?"

"No, sir."

"Base ball?"

"No, sir."

"Can you write up a murder till the blood oozes out between the lines?"

"No, sir; no, sir."

The editor began to grow impatient, but he went on.

"Ever throw the son-of-a-gun down the elevator shaft who came in to see 'The blankety-blank-blank, that wrote that article'?"

"Does the religious editor have to do all this?" asked the applicant, turning gray in the face.

"No, not all of it at once, but he has to take his turn like the rest of the boys, though we always give him Saturday afternoon to get his regular stuff in before the foreman gets hot and causes a brimstone ring around the office. You can have the job if you want it, but you've got to be confounded—"

But the editor talked to thin air, for when he looked up from his desk the applicant had vanished as silently as he came.

The law's a pretty bird, and has charming wings. It would be quite a bird-of-paradise if it didn't carry such a terrible bill.—*Jerrold.*

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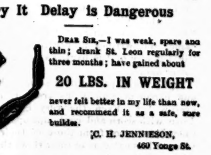

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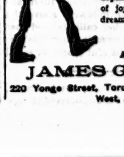

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Messrs. Tillottson's Serials.

At the end of June an announcement was made in good faith that the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT had been given the Canadian agency for Tillottson & Son of Bolton, England, for the sale of the serial stories which they control. While we had the option of the agency the error in the announcement was that the arrangement had been "concluded." Subsequently, owing to a question of the amount to be paid for the Canadian rights, the arrangement was abandoned. As we do not desire to sail under false colors, we take this opportunity of announcing that the Sheppard Publishing Company are not the agents of Messrs. Tillottson & Son.

In God's Acre.

How peaceful all things seem in this silent city as the western sunlight crimsons the dying foliage and lends its softening influence to the pensive hour of eventide! At such an hour, amidst such surroundings, Imagination – dormant e'sewhere—is actively exercised. Each lettered legend on the headstones before us is eloquent with the imagined life-story of the one who sleeps beneath. And standing there, the pensive reader easily pictures the passing away of a loved one, the mourning friends, and all but hears the words of simple faith and trust as the hirelings of the silent city, in the discharge of their gloomy office, consign the mysterious frame of poor humanity to the bosom of its Mother Earth, where it shall be resolved into the general mass of nature, to be re-compounded in the other forms with which she daily supplies those which daily disappear.

But, happily, Imagination lies not fettered here. Away beyond these gloomy portals, far removed from the sighs and tears of bereavement, Imagination—strengthened by Faith—feasts her vision on the golden streets of that celestial country where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, and where tears and parting are known no more.

The Sensi le Girl.

The glory of the gushing girl is happily on the wane. The general inanity of her verbosity has palled on the public taste, and a gentler and more sensible order of beings has arisen in her place. Self-contained and restful to the eye and the heart of manhood is the quiet, sensible girl. Occasionally she is beautiful, yet this is the exception rather than the rule. More often she is only fairly passable when looks are critically taken into consideration. But what is lacking in mere regularity of feature is amply atoned for in the possession of an indefinable knack for creating a tender interest in the masculine heart, and a lasting one to boot, for such interest is built on the surest foundation—respect. Men have implicit confidence in the tact and ability of the sensible girl. She is a human oasis amidst the sterile drivel of society life. True it is that men are weak creatures of vanity in their attitude towards women, but they still retain some method in their madness. The pretty, gushing girl may have her dancing card filled with gratifying rapidity; her afternoon promenade may draw the gaze of admiration from the average passer-by; but at the goal of the average woman's ambition—the marriage feast—in nine cases out of ten the sensible girl passes an easy winner.

Social Pride.

"What fools these mortals be!" is an especially appropriate quotation when "social pride" is the topic under consideration. It is a common delusion that such is a species of luxury confined to the wealthier and more exclusive circles. That this is a delusion only, is written so plainly on the page of experience, that wherever will take the trouble to run, may read.

There is a social pride which obtains to as great a degree in the degraded circles of crime as in the ranks of the upper ten thousand. Amongst the criminals of the English metropolis the swell mobsman refuses association with the crib cracker, the latter with the pur-loiner of pocketheadkerchiefs and ladies' purses, and so on—just as in the more reputable classes of the community, the wholesale grocer's lady displays a considerable amount of *hauteur* in her bearing towards the retailer's dame, and writhes in her turn beneath the frigid glance of the banker's or the barrister's better half.

Verily, social pride would seem to be a part and parcel of human nature. It is visible everywhere. Even the very Socialists look down with scorn and contempt upon and hold themselves aloof from those of their number who are less extreme in their views than themselves. It has always been so, and, until the Millenium shall dawn, so it will always continue to be. All men may be born equal, but experience teaches us that they do not long continue so. Certain occupations there are which always lift their followers above the social level of those of other callings, and just so long will such look down on their less fortunate fellows with the baleful glance of social pride.

Nature does nothing in vain, but is simple, and delights not in superfluous causes of things.

The ball has been opened for the season in musical matters by Signor Emilio Agramonte's concert on Thursday evening last. The Pavilion was fairly filled by an audience that, while fashionable and evidently cultured, was still very cold and unenthusiastic. The musical world had been on the *qui vive* to quite an extent to see the result of the talented Signor's stay in Toronto during the summer months and its effect on some of our best known and most popular singers. What these ladies and gentlemen can do is already well-known to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, and our patrons will hardly feel so much interested to know how the subjects of their admiration sang as they will be to see in print an answer to the question they have been asking each other since the concert, "What do you think of Signor Agramonte's work?" I therefore answer this question first, though I am afraid that it may take a little extra space to do the subject full justice. Still, as I am not taxed at the rate of ten cents a line for extra space, I can afford to be a little prodigal.

There can be no doubt that those who have enjoyed something like a thorough training in voice-production before the gentleman's advent here have been benefited by his instruction, showing as they did an improvement in style of delivery and a better management of the voice. His large experience in all the traditions and conventional renderings of most of the numbers of the programme had much to do with this. There was an accession of shading in delivery, and occasionally one of those magnetic rushes we admire so much in the best professionals, without being quite able to describe particularly how it was done. The strongest feature in this improvement was the matter of style, which evinced considerable refinement. All of which was undoubtedly enhanced by the splendid accompaniment played by Sig. Agramonte.

Against these excellences have to be set some faults, such as the general lacking of a positive attack of the pitch. The singers seem to sing some time before the pitch of a note becomes evident. Then again, one of the chief charms of a good concert was missing in many instances, that of clear enunciation. Almost all the singers suffered from this grave fault, notable exceptions being Mrs. Agnes Thomson and Mr. J. F. Thomson. Improvement in tone quality there was none, except in the cases of Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Mrs. Mackelcan, and Mr. H. M. Blight, showing clearly that what there was of this was due to the preparation offered by their previous experience. And, my ladies and gentlemen, what is singing without good tone? Add to this, here and there false intonation, and my catalogue of evils is done. I have been thus particular in analyzing Signor Agramonte's work here, because I think, and I fancy all thinking people will agree with me, that the advantages offered by a visiting teacher coming for a short time in the year, must be great indeed to throw the conscientious efforts of local teachers in the shade, especially when to this is added the invariable custom of these visitors of telling every pupil that he has been wrongly taught, a practice that is used presumably to show how much more the newcomer knows than the local men.

This reminds me of a good thing written by Mr. W. S. B. Mathews of Chicago. He says: "It seems that every vocal teacher has a very poor opinion of all the others; each one says that all the others know nothing, and probably—each one is right!"

Of Mrs. Agnes Thomson's good work I have already spoken. It only remains to add that her voice is richer and rounder, and if possible sweeter than ever. Mr. Blight has also improved, and has much more refinement in style, while Mrs. Mackelcan's voice has gained in roundness and clearness, which with her musical temperament adds to the charm of her singing. Miss Robinson sang well, but suffered somewhat from a tendency to over-tax her voice. Mr. J. F. Thomson's two songs were rendered feelingly and with a nice smooth delivery. I was disappointed in Miss Sedohr Rhodes, and especially in Miss Maud Hare. The former has a bright, rather light voice of pleasing quality, but her music was too florid for her, and the latter was very crude. Mr. G. H. Mackenzie sang very prettily, but has a faulty production in his upper register, and a bad habit of advancing on the stage at the end of a phrase. The Balfe trio was splendidly sung by Mrs. Thomson, Miss Robinson and Mrs. Mackelcan, and a most acceptable rendering of the great Rigoletto quartette was given by Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Thomson. Mr. Carlos Hasselbrink was very satisfactory his violin solos, especially in the Reber Berceuse which received a truly poetic rendering. He has a fine broad and pure tone, and his reading is almost severe in its conscientiousness.

Next week's programme includes A Trip Through Africa, all the week at the Grand Opera House, a service of praise at the Church of the Redeemer on Thursday, an organ recital by Mr. Frederic Archer, on the new organ at All Saints' Church on Thursday, and a monster band concert at the Mutual street Rink on Friday, in which the bands of the Queen's Own, Tenth Grenadiers and Thirteenth Battalion will take part.

The Choral Society have determined to sing the Creation, to limit the society to one hundred and fifty capable members, to be selected for their efficiency, inefficient members being "weeded out," and the excellence of the chorus will be made the first care of the conductor and committee. A most sensible and commendable prospectus, and one which promises well for the society's work this season. Mr. Edward Fisher will retain his baton for this season, at all events.

METRONOME.

I have seen larger audiences at the Grand Opera House, but never a more delighted one than that which enjoyed the artistic romping of Rosina Vokes and her talented company last Monday night. There is not a useless member in the whole company. We have all seen The Circus Rider more than once, but few of us are weary of it yet. There is nothing in the plays themselves, all interest centers in the players. Of the latter I should be disposed to give Felix Morris the first place after Rosina Vokes. His Chevalier de Rocheferier in A Game of Cards was an inimitable reproduction of the old French aristocrat, and his Cousin Joe in The Rough Diamond was also excellent. In the latter character he fairly divided the honors with Miss Vokes. I should know something of the various dialects of the "broad shire," and I am bound to admit that Felix Morris' interpretation of the Yorkshire peasant is the best I have ever heard on the stage. It is not only that he has mastered the dialect (and Heaven only knows how difficult that is for an outsider to acquire), but he has evidently caught the real spirit of the Yorkshire peasant's humor.

Courtenay Thorpe was evidently handicapped by a bad cold, which probably may account for the lack of vim shown by him as compared with previous visits.

Morton Selton works the aristocratic act for all it is worth. His particular line, I should say, lies in the portrayal of the military swell. But nothing less than a commission, an' you please for Morton Selton. As an "ossifer" he is a success; reduce him to the ranks and you have an absurdity. The Lady Plato of Miss Dacre, in The Rough Diamond, was a most creditable delineation of a part of which little is required save that which is stately or statuesque. For Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights the programme was changed to My Milliner's Bill, In Honor Bound, and A Double Lesson.

Next week J. C. Duff's comic opera company will give A Trip to Africa.

This well-equipped opera company numbering some sixty-five people, soloists, chorus and grand chorus, will produce this its greatest New York success, the most charming and melodious of the comic operas of the day, Von Suppe's grand, spectacular work, A Trip to Africa. As performed by the Duff Opera Company A Trip to Africa will be a revelation.

At the Toronto Opera House Casper the Yodler was the center of attraction. When I remember the uncontrollable delight of the audience at the honest absurdities with which this piece abounds I feel that criticism is altogether out of place. I am evidently sustained in my opinion by the stage management which placed Blarney Castle in the center of a rocky Mountain scene. However, it was all very funny, and, if a hearty laugh is what the patrons of a theater desire, then last Tuesday's audience must have been perfectly satisfied.

NOTES.

The comedian Elliston used to tell a story that humorously illustrates the ruling passion strong in death. Macready was at one time alarmingly ill—so ill that the most serious consequences were feared and the most desponding steps taken, such as the administration of the sacrament, etc. Elliston called to see him, and was admitted to the chamber of the presumably dying tragedian, who feebly expressed a belief in his approaching dissolution. Elliston, deeply moved by his friend's prostration, offered to do any service in his power, strongly enjoined the family to keep the sufferer quiet and glided on tip-toe out of the room. He had not reached the bottom of the staircase when an audible whisper reached him: "Mr. Elliston, step up for a moment; Mr. Macready wishes to speak to you." He went up softly and approached the bed of the dying man, supposing that some posthumous attention was about to be required of him. Elliston addressed him with soothing sympathy. Macready gave a slight indication of temporary relief, and in broken accents said, "El—list—on, do you think that 'Rob Roy,' re—duced to two—acts, would be—a good after-piece for—my—benefit?"

The practice of "gagging" or extemporizing on the stage is forbidden, under the penalty of a fine. Still, not only in the ordinary round of human life, but on the boards of a theater, there are moments when a happy inspiration helps to bridge over a difficulty. In a large provincial theater Mr. N——, the actor, had to deliver a soliloquy in a comic play. The speech was concluded, and it was the "doctor's" turn to make his entry. But no doctor came. N—— added a piece of his own composing, and still the doctor failed to appear. N—— did not, however, lose his composure. Peeping behind the scene, he exclaimed: "Ha! here comes the doctor! But how leisurely he strides along! I believe he was never once known to be in a hurry. . . . He bows to a lady! . . . She stops him. . . . They are talking together. . . . Just like these doctors. . . . Now he's coming. . . . No . . . a gentleman is asking him for a light. . . . Now he talks with him too. . . . This doctor knows everybody! . . . At last—here he is . . . thank goodness!" This time the doctor arrived on the scene sure enough, but it was from the opposite side, so that N—— had his back turned towards him as he entered. But even then our actor did not lose his presence of mind. "Doctor," he exclaimed, "how did you manage to get so quickly round the corner?"

There is an unhappy craze among the vain and shallow of both sexes to get positions on the stage. They appear to have got an idea that an actor's work is easy, and it has come about that the young woman who has physical attractions—prettiness—the young man who has gone on in a one-line part, especially in a piece that has a run, call themselves professionals and will hereafter stick to the stage regardless of their fitness for that arduous employment. Mr. Allan Laidlaw, in a letter to the London *Era*, in which he discusses what he calls the prize-package actor, says: "In the old stock days an influx of incompetents was not possible. It may be stated as a fact that a man becomes a great actor in a few parts through the discipline of playing many parts; but now the touring system and long runs have rendered it possible for managers to drill men and women in special parts toward which they naturally tend. In fact, many of our so-called modern actors are, practically, the parts they play. Formerly the actor had to adapt himself to his part, to obey his manager, and stick to his author's lines. Now the actor who makes a success with a sensually-minded audience sets his author and manager at defiance, demands and gets exorbitant salary, has parts written to fit him, and even slices and carves immortal Shakspeare into a meaningless jumble distasteful to all men possessing brains and knowledge. Speculative managers employ amateurs at no salary because they cannot, or will not, afford to pay actors; consequently they present a vile, dull, mumbling performance which disgusts the public. Towns that really can only reasonably support one good theater, possess two, three and even four—with the result that four managers scramble for crumbs, while one might get a decent loaf for self, family, company and employes. If the present fearful struggle continues, the aggregate of the actor's calling will be humbled to a pitiable condition of poverty, and dramatic art will be reduced from a noble recreation to a real hot-bed of enervating sensuality and deleterious stimulant."

Wit and Humor.

If thirty-two is the freezing point, what is the squeezing point? Two in the shade.

A certain kind of button is called "old maid's wedding," because it never comes off.

Marriage is a serious thing. In other words, a matrimonial match is not to be made light of.

It may be said of a man successful in love—He came, he saw, he conquered and she concurred.

Why shouldn't a boy throw dust in his teachers eyes? Because it may occasion harm to the pupil.

Electric light in ice—not to eat, but for the purpose of illuminating ball-rooms—is an effective novelty.

Flossie (aged four)—Bobby, why do they call ministers doctors? Bobby (a lad of considerable information)—'Cos they make folks better.

Chestnut is the fashionable color for hair. At a recent court ball it was generally noticed that almost everybody's hair had this popular tinge.

The eternal fitness of things is faithfully regarded when the remarks of a hall fellow well met are greeted with a storm of applause.

A certain firm in the wine trade has issued a circular in which it is stated that Lord ——, one of the partners, is to be found in the office daily.

"Was Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of the teacher. "No my son," replied the wise man, "it was Juliet who was found C'ead by Romeo."

When a woman "tosses her head," "throws her arms up" and "pitches her voice" we arrive at the conclusion that she is trying to throw herself away.

In a ball-room assembly a soft young man said to a sweet girl, "May I sit on your right hand?" Her quick answer was, "Why, of course not! You'd better take a chair."

In ancient days the most celebrated precept was "Know thyself." In modern times it has been supplanted by the more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor, and everything about him."

Fond Mother—Well, Bessie, now that you have seen your cousin Walter, what do you think of him? Did he leave a pleasant impression on Bessie—Oh, yes, mamma. He kissed me.

She (gazing upward)—How bright the stars are to-night, Mr. Sampson! He promptly—They are not brighter, Miss Clara, than—than —— She (softly)—Than what, Mr. Sampson? He—Than they were last night.

It was Washington Irving who said that "with every exertion the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good, but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief."

"Vat a schranch ding! Efery dimes I meet dot man I dinks he was somepody else, undt I schmiles; undt he dinks I was somepody else undt he schmiles; undt den ven vo god glose dogedder ve findts it was neider of us.

Young Housekeeper (to fish dealer)—What kind of fish have you this morning? Fish Dealer—How would you like some nice striped bass, mum? Y. H. (hesitatingly)—No, I think I would like something in a small check.

A handkerchief-holder has been patented. It is an article in the form of a brooch, with a pin to hold a handkerchief as in a clasp, while the device may be made in gold, or silver, or other material to make an attractive ornament.

Charley (to his pretty cousin, who is fishing) —Any bites, yet, Maud? Maud—Only a nibble or two. Charley—What would you do, Maud, if you should make as good a "catch" as I am said to be? Maud—Throw it back again, Charley.

The Japanese Premier, Prince Kung, addressed General Grant, when he was in Japan, in English, so called. Endeavoring to compliment him that he was born to command, he said, "Sire, brave generale, you vos made to order."

There is a new freak amongst women who go to concerts. They sit and knit. The other night a lady in a conspicuous position knitted vigorously; at all events her hands were in constant movement. The hands were white and covered with jewels.

Mrs. De Bagge—Ah, my dear, you have missed a treat of a lifetime. You should have gone to Mrs. Davenbury's social. De Bongton, the poet, read twenty selections from his own works. It was delightful! Mrs. Begley—Do you understand French? Mrs. De Bagge—If! Oh, dear, no! But the accent! I did so enjoy the accent!

A city merchant said to his wife, in anticipation of the anniversary of her natal day: "Darling mine, I will make you a present of twelve spoons. Shall they be of gold or silver?" She was silent. "Why do you not answer, darling mine?" At length she spoke thus: "Adored one, speech is silver, silence is gold." He gave her silver spoons for speaking.

"Does your wife ever pay you any compliments?" asked Frederick Jinson of his friend Benderley. "Never," replied Benderley. "Well, mine does. She flatters me." "Often?" "Oh, yes, frequently; particularly in winter," replied Frederick. "Why does she flatter you so much in winter?" "Whenever the coal fire needs replenishing, she points to the fireplace and says, 'Frederick, the grate.'"

In the Play.

We were long-lost lovers brought face to face,
And the audience fancied a world of bliss,
As heart unto heart, in a close embrace,
Our lips were pressed in a lingering kiss.
They didn't detect the horrid frown
She gave, as they rang the curtain down!

"I'd as soon be embraced by a polar bear!"
And her eyes were bright with a smothered ire,
"I'd like to know what reason was there
In snatching me up like a house afire?"

"Your pardon, I know I'm not up in the role
Of a lover, in clasping a maid soul to soul,
But should we appear again on the boards"—
And I choked and sputtered 'twixt each of my words—
"Remembrance shall teach me a lover's constraint,
And to deal very light with theatrical paint!"

HOLLIS W. FIELD.

The Green Hills by the Sea.

They stand together, hand in hand,
While sigh fast follows sigh,
For soon, by Fate's austere command,
Their lips must breathe good-bye!
Their hearts for comfort seek in vain,
It comes not, cannot be,
For *one* may ne'er behold again
Those green hills by the sea.

She watches, in the distance dim,
A ship fast fade away,
And O, her heart goes out to *him*,
That, weary, weary day!
"Alas! I never knew before
How dear he was to me!
And—love! thy feet may press no more
Those green hills by the sea!"

They stand together, as in youth,
Now silver streaks the gold,
Heart bound to heart by love and truth,
As perfect as of old
Ah, 'tis not *love* that lasts a day,
Like flow'rets of the lea,
But love is love that lasts for aye,
Like green hills by the sea!

EDWARD OXENFORD.

The Legende of Eleanore.

"There are bells afloat to-night in the waning summer light—
From each gray steeple down the long valley to the town,
I can hear them as I stand
Facing death upon the shore,
With the sea on either hand,
With its sullen moaning roar;
And the high blue vault of heaven looks so far!" said Eleanore.

Miserere, Domine!

"*Miserere, Domine!* Oh, good people, can ye see
My death-shudders from the land, where ye cover, hand in hand?
Not a hand that dares to reach
With a word of comfort now
Through the men that line the beach!
Soldiers, steel-capped, in a row,
Are ye cowards, that ye practice not the brave fine words ye preach!"

Miserere, Domine!

"Men should ever chivalrous be! Yes, you said it unto me—
You, Ronald, and you, Reuben—as we walked along last week.
And you watch me from the land,
All alone, at sweet eighteen,
Naught but ribs of yellow sand
The slow crawling sea between,
To die slowly in the twilight! Yes, men act not as they speak!"

Miserere Domine!

"And my sin? Yes, tell it out till the pitying echoes shout—
She died, this tender maiden, for her lover in the Spring!
Say—All her fault was love—
Say—Now she rests in peace
In the high blue heav'n-above,
Where earth's cares and sorrows cease.
But, alas, the world is fair, and the swallow's on the wing!"

Miserere, Domine!

"O Percival, my heart, did we ever dream to part
When we wandered, lip to lip, in the perfumed lilac-grove?
Did we dream that one dark day,
When the mist drave on the wind,
Hunted, desperate, at lay,
With the grisly foe behind,
Weak and wounded, I should hide you near the nesting turtle dove?"

Miserere, Domine!

"Hide you? Yes, ye coward men! I fling back the words again—
He is hidden—hidden as'ely from your wrath and from your hate.
Though the cruel creeping sea
Is slow rising wave by wave,
My secret down with me
Will lie silent in my grave.
What you hoped to wring ere death, e'en if won, would be too late."

Miserere, Domine!

"Ah, I shiver, for the sea has arisen to my knee,
And I feel its icy fingers touch my warm and beating breast!
O God—I stand again,
A happy girl and free,
In the violet-scented lane,
And Percival with me!
And the long sweet chime of wedding-bells has filled the radiant West."

Miserere, Domine!

VOICES OF ANGELS IN THE AIR.

"*Requiescat!*
Blest, forgiven,
Lift her soul
To the gates of Heav'n!

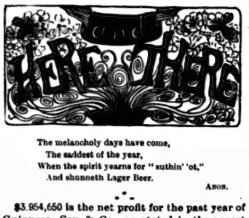
"Angel hands,
Sweet Eleanore,
Wait to open
The heav'nly door.

"Death will not sever
Love from thee!
Gloria tibi,
Domine!"

"Angel voices! Ah, my love—all around me, far and near,
Bells and voices, angels waiting to receive my dying breath!
And the waves are on my brow;
But my cords are golden bands,
And the sea is golden now
With the touch of angel-hands
Earth's wedding-bells, adieu! Can this—can this be death?"

Gloria Domine!

C. E. C. W.



The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
When the spirit yearns for "suthin' 'ot,"
And shunneth Lager Beer.

ASON.

* * *

$3,954,650 is the net profit for the past year of Guinness, Son & Co., as stated in the report presented at the general meeting of the company. Drinking in the old country is on the decrease, at least so say the temperance people, and I am inclined to think them in the right, so far as wines and liquors are concerned. Last year a London wine merchant assured me his sales had decreased fifty per cent. during the past ten years. At the same time my impression is that the brewers are more than holding their own, and, for them at least, poverty and the workhouse are names which have no sinister meaning.

* * *

I would that I could see no reason to doubt the genuineness of an "experience" given by a respectable old Englishwoman at a Christian Scientists' meeting in New York the other evening, or rather I would that I could share that simple faith and trust which evidently possessed the old lady when she said: "Oh, 'allylooyer, I am blessed! The other night, as I was a-prayin', the henemy came to me. 'Ee was big as a hox, an' 'ee came a-bellerin' and a-pawin dust and a snortin', and 'ee roored at me, 'You're lost! you're lost!' and I jest prayed 'Elp! Elp!' and the Spurrit came down and frighten'd 'im away. Then I took the Lord for my physician. I'ad the skiatiky, the roomatiz and palsy in my borax, a lump in my breast, and the Lawd cured me in eight months. I remember the night 'ee cured me. 'Allylooyer!"

* * *

The Whitechapel horror is no doubt very foul, loathsome, and horrible. But when all is said and done, there is no reason why people should go into ecstacies of lunacy about it. It is difficult to regard one suggestion made as the product of anything but sheer lunacy. The people of East London, we are told, "must form themselves at once into vigilance committees, with sub-committees, which should at once devote themselves to volunteer patrol work at night." Up to this stage the proposal is sensible. But the absurdity is in what follows: "The unfortunates who are the objects of the man-monster's malignity should be shadowed by one or two of the amateur patrols. They should be cautioned to walk in couples. Whistles, and a signaling system should be provided, and means of summoning a rescue force should be at hand. We are not sure that every London district should not make some effort of the kind." The suggestion that every "unfortunate" in London should be shadowed by a couple of respectable householders with reserves in the rear ready to rush up on hearing a whistle, is the one gleam of the irresistibly comic in the whole of this gruesome tragedy.

* * *

The *Independence Belge* says: Dr. Mackenzie's coming book in reply to his German rivals will cite facts which the doctor says will prove that had he, instead of the German physicians, attended the late Emperor Frederick from the beginning of his sickness, the Emperor's life would have been prolonged twenty months. Dr. Mackenzie will also endeavor to show that the treatment of Dr. Gerhardt produced cancer.

* * *

If the statement made by this Belgian newspaper be correct, then, I think Sir Morell Mackenzie should be muzzled. The subject is a painful one, and the world has already been treated to nauseous doses of it during the past twelve months. The great specialist may have just cause for complaint but, even supposing that the German Faculty has crowded him a little to the wall, we don't want to know, now that all is over, that the late Emperor's agonies might have been prolonged for another twelve months, nor do we desire to have the distressing fact conclusively proved that Dr. Gerhardt's treatment produced cancer. It were well in this matter to let sleeping dogs lie.

* * *

Since writing the above, I have assisted in paying the last offices at the grave of one whose loss Canadian literature can but ill afford. Though not altogether unexpected, the death of John Charles Dent was a great shock to a large circle of friends and admirers. Of Mr. Dent I might, with propriety, say much. So marvellously retentive was his memory, that the slightest detail, once laid hold of, was never forgotten by him. So omnivorous was his reading, that I am able to name but few among us who are his equals in general information. His acquaintance with books was great, and what he did not immediately know, he, at least, knew where to find. Such was the variety of his information, and such his copiousness of communication, that scarcely a day passes in which I do not feel that I have derived some advantage from his friendship. For some weeks he had been ailing, yet up to the early part of last week it was supposed the worst had been passed. The last time I conversed with him he seemed wonderfully better. Alas! it was but the last flicker of the spent candle, and on Thursday afternoon, ere the evening bell of St. Simon's had ceased ringing, his spirit had swiftly and suddenly passed to the silent majority.

No earthly clinging—
No lingering gaze—
No strife at parting—
No sore amaze;
But swiftly, gently,
He pass'd away
From the world's dim twilight
To endless day.

ST. GEORGE.

We should often be ashamed of our best actions if the world were witness to the motives which impelled us.—*Rochefoucauld.*

In the Pastor's Parlor.

Interview with Rev. Dr. Thomas of Jarvis Street Baptist Church on Pastoral Work.

Dr. Thomas—"You need not be told that it is one of the most difficult departments of our work—at least that is my own personal experience. In dealing with those who come to you with earnest inquiries about their souls there needs to be clearness of conception with regard to their attitude and whole past history and education. You need to know so much about the individual and there is so much depending upon the impression made upon him at the time that its importance weighs upon me and I never so much feel like saying 'who is sufficient for these things' as after I have been at an inquiry meeting. I believe that sometimes formidable difficulties that present themselves to the mind of the thoughtful man have been considered and measurably determined upon previous to coming to me. Of course a man has come to the point of decision before he comes."

"By decision you mean with regard to his wants?"

"Yes, the attitude of his soul is determined; he wants to know; he is to some extent willing to do. He has come to that point where he says 'I am resolved what to do.'"

"What does he desire to know; in the great majority of cases what is the first question?"

"I may say, previous to answering that, that there are no two that can be treated alike. And then the variety is so great; there are quite a number of cranks."

"I presume you must find out that a man is not a crank first?"

"First of all I find out what the man is, and then I adapt the instruction which I give upon the knowledge I have received in that interview. Perhaps all I can do, really, is to have a clear idea in my mind as to how to deal with that man when I ask him to come again. The crank I dispose of at once."

"How do you detect him?"

"I generally detect him by a manifest evidence of his insincerity on the surface. He has a large number of questions that any idiot could ask that cannot be answered. He begins generally with creation, and if I permitted him to go on he would finish with Revelations. There is another class not very far removed from the crank—the curious and inquisitive. They may be sincere, but they want to know a great many things. They are more anxious to know than they are to be spiritually benefited. It is very difficult to know how to deal with them. Then there are Christians who are in doubt and darkness."

"Do you mean the mentally weak brother and sister?"

"I mean those whom I would accept as Christians, who have perhaps made profession of Christianity and who have lived Christian lives and yet have never stood out clearly in the light."

"What do you think is the cause of that mental uncertainty? It troubles so many who are sincere and introspective."

"I believe one cause is that they don't understand the plan of salvation. They have no clear conception as to what the gospel is, that it is a finished work, which they by faith have accepted. If it is really what they profess to believe it to be there is no uncertainty about it; it is not a work of which they perform a part and of which the Lord Jesus Christ performs the other part. If they had a clear conception of Christ being the 'end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth' there would be none of that darkness. Yet I find it common. The fundamental reason for the difficulty is a failure to grasp the gospel idea."

"What would you call the gospel idea?"

"That Jesus Christ is a complete perfect Saviour to everyone who really accepts Him, based upon this passage, and many others, that He is 'the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth'; that the believer stands before God as having fulfilled that law."

"Do you think that answer intelligible to the ordinary hearer?"

"It may not be at once, but it is a very simple statement which any man should be able to grasp. And there are many other passages of similar import which I offer."

"Do you imagine it is better to answer in the exact scripture or to give an everyday expression?"

"I think that the more effective way in all matters of religious difficulty is to bring the word of God itself and place that right before them. My statement may be disputed, and even my representation of a scripture fact may have certain shadings that may not be quite in accordance with scripture, but there is the Word of God itself. I go upon the basis that there is no disputing that."

"But you would supplement that with explanations?"

"Yes, if there would be a question asked concerning a difficulty, and the inquirer would say, 'That is not very clear to me,' then I would indulge in explanation and endeavor to make it, by the use of illustration in a way that suggested itself to my mind at the time, clear to the mind."

"What is the first question the sincere soul seeking for salvation ordinarily asks?"

"It depends entirely upon who it is. There would be a large number of persons—the larger number probably—who really have a sense of sin. They would ask a very different question from every one of the others. They are really enquirers; they are what we would call seekers after salvation. They feel their need; they have been convicted of sin, as we say, and they want the Saviour, and it is very easy to deal with them."

"What do they ask?"

"Well, it may not be put in these exact words, but the import of it is, 'What shall I do to be saved?'"

"And, shortly, what do you say?"

"I deal with persons who are really contrite, whom I have every evidence to satisfy me are crushed under a sense of their sin, by bringing forward the promises of the gospel."

"I would like to hear it as you would say it to them. I would like to have you and the enquirer, as it were, *vis-a-vis.*"

"When a man says, 'What shall I do to be saved?' the scriptural answer is 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' Then there is another answer I generally use, altogether scriptural language, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' I would explain to him that he had to deal not with a creed, not with a system of doctrine but with a person; he was to accept this person as his Saviour, as the one who had come to this world just to meet his want, and who had done a work that met it. Now 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;' there it is, brought right before you. I would turn to the passages and let him see them in their proper scriptural relation. If they have the sense of sin there are any number of passages that can give them simple, full, satisfying gospel to the mind right at once. Of course, even those who I say are really deeply convicted and contrite, and anxious about their soul's salvation may have difficulties. There are persons who are very earnest that would hesitate to go a step further because of certain things that have come into their minds—the inconsistencies of professing Christians perhaps. Now the man has come to that condition in which he is intensely anxious to become a Christian himself, and yet he cannot rid himself of certain impressions that have been made upon his mind by contact with those who have professed, and that is one of the greatest difficulties. It is often used I believe where persons are not very sincere, to palliate their own sin, but nevertheless it often influences men who are sincere and earnest."

"We will call that difficulty number one; what will be difficulty number two?"

"That would be an external difficulty. Of course those difficulties would vary with the character of the individual. That always has to be kept in view. The difficulty of a large majority would be just simply difficulties such as, 'How can I believe? What am I to believe?' The individual has come into that condition in which he is ready to do anything but accept the truth. There is belief, of course, there is an acceptance of the facts beforehand; you have to prove nothing. And then there would be the difficulty, 'How can I be certain about this matter?' You tell them how, 'Well, how am I to grasp this thing? How am I to believe? What is believing?' and that class of difficulties."

"What would you say to the question of 'What is believing?' in short, as you would answer an inquirer in your room."

"It is very difficult to answer in a short sentence, 'What is believing?'"

"Do you ever use concisely formulated answers to ordinary questions?"

"No, I have never done so."

"Do you not think it would be a good thing?"

"Possibly it might; I have left myself entirely free, and have often felt myself embarrassed by having done it. There are times in preaching, or writing an article, when mental processes are slow and the memory fails to bring up the passages that are most needful, and I really believe it would be a very excellent thing for any pastor to have some definite formula, of course, deviating from it as he necessarily would under certain circumstances."

"Don't you think there is a great deal of ambiguity in the answers given to the inquirer? Such as leave him as much at sea as before."

"Unquestionably; I often feel myself when I have done the very best I could that there is no work in which I engage in which I seem to accomplish so little. I often feel that I have not met the inquirer's need and yet I fall back upon the conviction that it is not in my power to meet his need. Spiritual things, after all, are spiritually discerned; you must have grace, you must have something other than I can give or anybody else can give to see spiritual truth and appreciate it in its fullest sense. I am more convinced of it when I have seen individuals in total darkness, when all that I could do had failed, and then in the most simple and extraordinary manner they would emerge into the clearest possible conception of things, pass out of darkness into marvelous light; and persons of very little intellectual vigor would astonish me with the clearness of their views and with the brightness and satisfactory nature of their replies."

"I want to get the method of each pastor in dealing with these cases so that they will be able to inspect the work of one another. Now what is your method?"

"I can give you in just a few sentences what my method is. As I said at the beginning, I first of all endeavor to find out whom I am talking to; what he is, what his education has been, what his social surroundings have been; what his temptations have been, and try and get a clear conception in my mind as to the character of the man previous to his having been touched by divine impressions. Then I proceed accordingly: I can ask him questions or he may ask me questions. I have no definite plan; the method forms itself according to circumstances and develops with the particular intellect with which I am dealing, only that my aim is to find out whether a man is really convicted of sin, is brought to feel his need of a Saviour and has an intelligent conception of his position, or is just simply grasping after some advantage to be realized in the future. I want to know that he is really coming to God through Jesus Christ to satisfy the need of his nature."

"In the causes of men seeking you do you find a great variety, or is it very frequently remorse or sorrow?"

"In a church where there is a large Sunday school and considerable influence at work at home, there are young persons who come in who really open out just as a flower does in the spring time."

"That is the natural development of children of Christian parents. Do these furnish the majority of your enquirers?"

"Yes, except occasionally, when there are revival waves; but the majority of enquirers are, as far as my experience has gone, really persons who have come into the church casually and have liked it and have come again and become impressed. If I were to except the natural flow of children of church members the larger number of enquirers would be those who had no sympathy with the Baptist Church before they came into the Church—who, perhaps, had known nothing about ours. I have had many such to whom this matter would come right home."

"Socially, what class?"

"Of the middle class, and a great many of the lower class, too."

"Are the majority of your enquirers females?"

"Yes."

"Quite a considerable majority?"

"Well, yes, though last year out of eighty-five I baptized and received into the church—we received into the church a much larger number than that—but actually by baptism, I think the majority of them was not very great on that side."

"Were they mostly people in service?"

"Not last year; they were largely children of our own members."

"And the really poor—do you have many?"

"No, we have very few that may be regarded as really poor and dependent. Of course, we have a few that the church support partially if not altogether."

"Do you find that that class of people, who are looking for support, sometimes endeavor to place themselves with you?"

"There are instances in which that is the case, but we have not had really very much to awaken suspicion in that direction. . . . I prepared a book some years ago for enquirers, but I discovered that it was on too high a plane. They want the truth in the simplest possible form, in a wonderfully simple form."

"Do you find much difference between the enquirers here and those in Philadelphia?"

"Not very much; the churches are as similar as any two churches on this continent."

"Of the enquirers who come to you, do any return?"

"Yes, a large percentage. There are some who come no more, but very few. There are those who come and the treatment they receive is such that I never expect to see them again, and yet I am oftentimes astonished to find that those very persons instead of being unfavorably impressed are favorably influenced because they have come to see that that was the treatment they needed. At the time perhaps they would not be pleased. If a person comes in for the sole purpose of presenting difficulties and airing his particular views and crochets, I deal very straightforwardly and honestly with him. I tell him that I have no time for that sort of thing, that my object is to meet those who are anxious about their soul's salvation, and if I am at all impressed with his sincerity, and think that he has difficulties which it would be desirable to remove, I say, 'Now I will be glad to give you an evening any time but not to-night. This is for special work, and I am dealing with persons who really want to see me for the most important and urgent reasons, and these things are secondary and I may meet you and talk them over again.'"

"Do you find despair sometimes?"

"There are some instances, but generally speaking it is really based on constitutional causes."

"Do you discover that the fear of committing the unpardonable sin troubles people sometimes?"

"Very seldom."

"Do you consider that a sort of religious mania?"

"Yes, it is a type of insanity."

"Do you have many children, that is, to whom you can hardly speak clearly; and if so, do you send them to their parents?"

"Yes, I have had children from the ages of ten to fourteen in the inquiry meeting during the whole winter."

"And you ordinarily send them to their parents?"

"No, I would request the assistance of someone who I thought was able to attend to them until I was able to give them my attention personally, and then I would gather them together and give them biblical instruction. Perhaps I would ask a few questions that bore on their religious life personally to each one, and then I would perhaps talk about the Bible, about the books of the Bible; talk about Genesis, what it was about; about Exodus and Leviticus, etc. I would endeavor to get those boys and girls to be able to use their Bibles. If they wanted to know about the history of Christ—where to find it, or the history of the Church, where to find it; if they wanted to know what special object Peter had in writing his epistles—where to find it. I drill them in the things that pertain to the Bible that are very helpful to a young person in the use of the book, and are interesting and increase their interest in it. I have given talks of that kind every Monday night, after inquiry meeting was over, to the young during the whole winter. I would perhaps ask a question or two bearing on their experience, because they didn't come to the inquiry meeting for that kind of instruction. They really came because they wanted to join the church. Some little fellows get fearfully anxious, but they are kept back—kept interested and not discouraged, and perhaps I would close and get every one of them to offer a little prayer spontaneously."

"Do you find it beneficial to engage in prayer with inquirers or do you frequently practice it?"

"I govern myself by circumstances. If I have met a person who has a difficulty, and after I have endeavored to meet it as well as I can, if the time and place are favorable, I offer prayer with him, asking the Lord to make plain what we had been considering. Personally, if the inquirer came here to me and he was the only one I would do it every time. I find it very beneficial, and the reason why I ever refrain from it is because I may find the surrounding conditions unfavorable."

"With regard to sick-beds and death-beds—do you see much of what is spoken of as death-bed repentance, the change of mental attitude in what they fear to be a fatal sickness?"

"Personally, I place very little confidence in any testimonies that are made on a sick-bed."

"Does it meet you often?"

"Not very often. I have had very few instances in which professions made on what was feared to be a death-bed exercised any influence on their subsequent life. Personally, I discountenance this anxiety that persons have when they get sick to see the pastor. That, really, has a Romish flavor. When a person has a friend sick they often send for me as if I could do anything. I try in every instance to get them to feel there is no virtue in my coming. Sometimes I am called at a very late hour to see a child that is very sick, perhaps a babe."

"Would you not go in that case—to soothe the mother?"

"I never fail to go for that reason, because my sympathy prompts me. I am glad to stand by the mother at such a time, but I am always afraid of there being the impression that anything I may do may determine the salvation of that child, because my belief is that the child is all right anyway."

Dr. Thomas—"There is another class of questions that puzzle the inquirer—those that have to be answered generally before he will come near the pastor."

"What would you consider such questions?"

"I think it would be an exceedingly proper thing for you to find out. It would do us a great deal of good for a layman to put these things plainly before us."

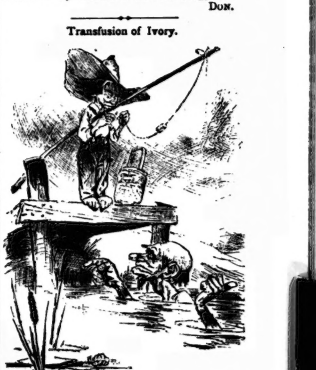
"But I can only find out from pastors."

"No. There is a large class of people who are in antagonism to religion, doubtless because they don't think—because they have not permitted themselves to inquire into these matters. They disbelieve the Bible, and will talk about certain difficulties; but it is not because they have examined them. It would be well to deal with these men from a secular standpoint. I would be exceedingly glad to have half-a dozen of these questions which bother people who are in antagonism to the Church and everything pertaining to it. I would be glad to know what they were, and would be glad to preach from them."

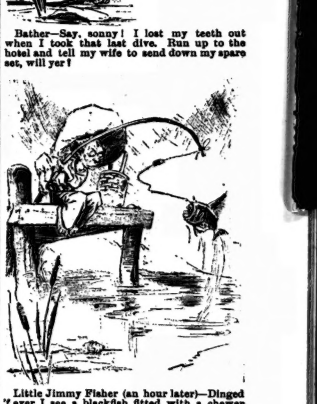
I promised to make inquiries concerning these points, and will give them at the conclusion of my interviews with the clergymen.

DON.

Transfusion of Ivory.



Bather—Say, sonny! I lost my teeth out when I took that last dive. Run up to the hotel and tell my wife to send down my spare set, will yer!



Little Jimmy Fisher (an hour later)—Dinged if ever I see a blackfish fitted with a chewer like that afore!—*Judge.*

Misjudged.

In his early youth Carl Maria Von Weber showed but little aptitude for music, and his tutor Fridolin, who had often rapped him on the knuckles for his want of attention during the violin lessons, one day threw down his bow in a passion, saying:

"It's not a bit of use, Carl; you'll never make a musician!"

A similar remark was made by Richard Wagner's stepfather after the latter had heard him play the Bridal Wreath from the Freyschutz on the piano. George Bizet, the composer of Carmen, had attained to riper years when a like unfavorable judgment was passed upon him. At the age of twenty-nine he had conferred upon him the great Prix de Rome of the Paris Conservatory, which provides for a three years' residence in Italy. Bizet spent nearly the whole of that time in Rome, paying only a flying visit to Naples, where he had no opportunity to deliver a letter of recommendation from his tutor Carafa to Mercadante. On his return to Rome, however, he thought he would see what the old gentleman had to say about him. Breaking open the letter he read as follows:

"My old Friend—I strongly recommend to you the bearer of these lines, M. Bizet, a pensionate of our institute: he is an amiable young man, a splendid fellow who deserves every encouragement, but (between you and me) he has not a spark of musical talent!"

Numismatic Curiosity.

With what perfect assurance of victory the French entered upon the war with Germany in the year 1870 is seen by a medal struck about that time, of which very few specimens are now in existence. The reason for this scarcity probably lies in the fact that the Government tried to suppress it after their disasters in the field. The medal, which was evidently coined at the mint, is of the size and value of a five-franc piece, and displays on its face the laurel-wreathed head of the Emperor with the inscription: "Napoleon III., Imperator." On the reverse we read: "Finis Germaniæ, 1870." One of these medals was lately sold at Leipsic for a hundred marks.

FIRST OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

MISSING!

By the Author of "A Bitter Reckoning," "By Crooked Paths," Etc.

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CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Borth found upon inquiry at "The Golden Apple" that Hewetson, after his carouse with the redoubtable Dick, had, with the exception of taking a nap at short intervals, devoted himself to drinking brandy right on until the next morning; also that he had had his breakfast in his own room, and had then gone straight off to Carnarvon, with his boxes, in the carrier's cart. This information did away with the theory of his having hidden the jewels on his way from the house, or he would certainly not have gone away from the neighborhood leaving his booty behind him. Then the case narrowed itself down to one of two theories—either the man was innocent or he had had an accomplice in the robbery, who had been waiting outside the house to carry off the studs at once.

On that same day the detective went to Pentre bach; and in the evening, after the usual dinner was over, he obtained an interview with the suspected man, sending in his name as an agent for a new patent plate-polishing powder, which subterfuge he threw aside as soon as he entered the butler's pantry.

"Heffermann sent me down to see you," he said, shutting the door with a great show of caution. "They are beginning at last to make a stir at Mr. Tennant's place, and he thought you had better be warned, in case you wouldn't care to risk staying out the Queen's in the neighborhood."

"What fuss! What risk?" asked the man, looking startled, but not actually alarmed, showing no consciousness at the mention of Heffermann's name.

"Never old fox!" thought Borth. "He has kept his name out of it." And then he became aware that Hewetson had been at the brandy again.

"Why, the property that was missed just at the time you left there," went on the detective—"they are beginning to make inquiries about it at last, and we thought perhaps you would like to get away for a time. If you would care to run across and have a look at the States, for instance, we are quite willing to pay all expenses."

"Now look here," said Hewetson, drawing up and fixing his bloodshot eyes upon the detective's face—"I don't know what the devil you're talking about, and don't want to know; but you have made a very offensive remark. You say some property was missed just at the time I left Bryn-mawr. Put that way, it sounds uncommonly like an insinuation against my honesty. If that be what you mean, I must ask you to take it back. This is the first I have heard of anything being missed; and, if people are mixing me up in it, I can guess who has put that idea into their heads—that old she-cat Mrs. Price! How that woman does hate me, to be sure! I don't know who you are or who sent you here, but you have made a mistake. I've done nothing that is bad enough to drive me out of the country."

"Well, they think you have, anyway," returned Borth. "You see they have got hold of that story of yours about the ghost. Now it happens, unfortunately for you, that something was stolen out of that end of the house that very night when you were, by your own showing, prowling about after every one else was in bed."

"Heaven be good to me." cried Hewetson. "If that ghost isn't going to bring misfortune on me this time, instead of one of the family!"

"Not you know it does not, seeing your being there at that time in the morning."

"I know it does!" he exclaimed. "I know that as well as you; I saw that for myself when Mr. Brande was talking to me, only three nights ago, about this very thing. But may I never pass out of that door again, except as a stiffened corpse, if I went after anything more than a bottle of brandy that I had hidden in Mr. Tennant's wardrobe! I had half undressed, when I felt a nasty nervous feeling come over me; and I knew I shouldn't sleep a wink the night through unless I had some brandy to quiet me. I had drunk the last drain I had got in my pantry before I came up to bed, and I felt I couldn't go down to the cellar in the silent night; and then I remembered having put that bottle in the master's dressing-room. Well, I knew it was risky to fetch it—that I should be kicked out if I was discovered; but, all the same, I went—I couldn't help it—the brandy drew me on in spite of myself. But I didn't get it after all, for when I was half-way down the passage I saw that awful thing in front of me; and you can easily believe I didn't go a step farther after that. I went back to my room and sat on the side of my bed with my teeth chattering until it was broad daylight, and then I went down and got some brandy from the cellar; but I made up my mind that nothing should induce me to pass another night in that house, and I didn't."

As Borth listened, a new idea occurred to him. What if the ghost were the robber? Hewetson's manner was convincing him against his will that the man was innocent. This poor nerveless, frightened, drink-sodden wretch would never have had the courage and clear-headedness to plan and carry out such a job as this. The detective knew to what lengths a drunkard will go to obtain drink, and he was satisfied that, if the man had not had courage enough to carry him through the task of stealing a bottle of brandy, he would never have had the determination necessary for the successful accomplishment of the jewel robbery. Was it not possible that the ghost he had seen had been in reality the thief? True, it was also possible that Hewetson had seen no ghost, that he had been the victim of a delusion created by the brandy-fumes in his besotted brain. At all events, both solutions of the mystery were equally probable. Mr. Brande Tennant had treated the story of the ghost with incredulous contempt, while, as a matter of fact, the whole pith of the affair might lie in that one point. With this idea Borth changed his plan of action.

"Now look here, Mr. Hewetson," he said, dropping the deception he had been indulging in and speaking out boldly—"I may as well tell you the whole truth, and then you can do as you like with me—either call in the stablemen and have me kicked out forcibly or treat me fair and square, as I mean to treat you."

As Hewetson made no reply to this, he stood opening his eyes and mouth and looking at the detective in stupid surprise. Borth went on—

"I am a detective from Scotland Yard, and I'm down here to try to find out who stole this property of Mr. Tennant's. I may as well tell you at once that you are the person I came expressly to watch, for the gentlemen have both made up their minds that you are the thief. Stop a minute—don't be in a hurry! Just understand the case thoroughly before you speak. Mr. Tennant is so anxious to have the identity of the thief settled that, rather than have any doubt left on the matter, he would undertake not to prosecute in return for a full confession. Do you quite take me? Suppose now—we're only supposing for the sake of making things plain—suppose you had taken these missing articles—well, if you were to say to me now, before I leave this room, that you had, I am empowered by Mr. Tennant to promise you in his name that you shall not be interfered with at all, that you shall be left at liberty as you are now, and no notice taken. If, on the other hand, we are put to all the trouble and expense of tracing the robbery, and in the end we do trace it to you"—he paused a moment to give fuller effect to this point—"why, then, things will be pretty hot for you!"

"It's no good," said Hewetson, shaking his head. "If you sit there talking at me all night it won't make any difference. I never touched any property of Mr. Tennant's that I hadn't a right to, bar the brandy, and that we look upon as our perquisite."

Borth rose and put out his hand.

"I believe you," he said, and Hewetson, who had drawn back in momentary fear of the officer's intention, recovered himself and shook hands. "And now I want you to help me to catch the real thief. I have half an idea that this ghost who frightened you so much was the man we are after. What first put it into your head that it was a ghost at all and not a man?"

Hewetson sat thinking for a few moments with a puzzled look on his face.

"It wasn't a man," he said, decisively. "No man ever glided over the ground as that thing did, without a sound of a footstep. Then it was all white and taller than any man I've ever seen."

"The silence might be the result of list slippers," returned Borth. "A well-trained London thief doesn't go walking about a house in dead of night in creaking hob-nailed boots. A sheet would manage the white business and the height, too, if he let it trail in the darkness behind him. By-the-bye, had you a candle?"

"No; I had left my candle on the stairs round the corner. I knew the way I wanted to go; and, besides, there was moonshining in at the end window as bright as day. And that reminds me"—in a more assured voice—"of another reason why I knew it was no man I saw in the south corridor that morning. No man that I have heard of ever vanished through a wall and that's just what that thing did, as surely as I am sitting here this night! I saw it standing with its back to me in the shadow beyond the moonlight. The window doesn't reach right down to the floor of the corridor, and it looked to me as if the white figure had propped itself up against the empty space of panelling next to the window; and then all of a sudden, while my eyes were fixed upon it, it vanished through the wall.

"Is there a door anywhere near where it stood?"

"Not for a clear twelve feet down the passage on either side."

"And you're sure it didn't go through the window instead of the wall?"

"Quite sure. It couldn't have gone through the window without coming into the moonlight again; and that was just what I was watching for. I wanted it to come out of the shadow to see what it was like. I had been too startled when I first saw it to take much notice of how it looked when it was in the moonlight."

"Did you go up and look at the place where it had vanished after it had gone?"

"Not me! That finished me! When I saw it disappear right through the solid wall like that, I'd had enough of it. I believe that it had gone at first, and I watched a little while, thinking my sight had played me false and that it must be there still. But, when I was quite sure it wasn't there, I felt rather nervous; so I went back and picked up my candle and got to my own room as fast as I could. I locked myself safely in, as I said before, and sat on the side of my bed, shaking as if I had the ague, until it was broad daylight."

"And you didn't drink or even mind that it wasn't all brandy from beginning to end?"

"As sure as I am that it wasn't anything human! Bless you, when you're light in the head from drink, you're ready to shut out the idea that your senses are making a fool of you, unless you're right down mad! And, another thing, when you come to yourself, you ain't difficult to persuade that what you have seen is all fancy. Now nothing on earth, or in heaven for that matter, would persuade me that what I saw that night was fancy."

"It's all very queer," said Borth; "and the worst of it is that none of it throws the least light on the whereabout of Mr. Tennant's pearl studs."

"Good gracious!" cried Hewetson, springing to his feet in his astonishment. "You don't mean to say it's those pearl studs that have gone."

Borth now felt fully satisfied of the man's innocence. He had made this abrupt mention of the studs, after having carefully avoided naming them all through the interview, hoping to catch Hewetson tripping even yet. Had the man known all the time what it was that had been stolen, the chances were ten to one that he would have forgotten they had been mentioned before and would not have shown the least surprise when they were named for the first time.

"If I didn't say something of that kind to Mrs. Price the last night I was at Bryn-mawr!" he went on. "And you say they were stolen that very night?"

"At any rate, they've never been seen since," said Borth.

"Well, that's extraordinary—most extraordinary! You see the ghost knows his work, and no mistake! Whenever he's seen it always means misfortune for the Tennants in some form or other; and, by Jingo, it's come this time! Why, I heard Mr. Tennant say that very night that those studs were worth twelve hundred pounds! Wonderful!"

Borth knew enough of his calling to feel sure that this was not the talk of a guilty man. For the second time he recognized that he had utterly failed. But there was this difference between his failure here and his failure with Mr. Heffermann—here he felt sure he knew all there was to know of the truth; with Heffermann he thought it was very likely he knew nothing of the actual state of the case.

The only thing to be done now was to get back to London and find some means of obtaining information from Heffermann's correspondents without any direct communication with that gentleman himself. He might have to work from one to another through a dozen or so of the agents employed by the cunning little German before he hit on the right one, but he would do it in time. He had cleared up many a more hopeless mystery than this looked now, and it was the kind of task he liked, too. For all that, however, it was with a very preoccupied air that he answered Brande's eager questioning the next morning, when he returned to Bryn-mawr to take final instructions before he left again for town.

"There's no mistaking it, sir," he said; "things do look almost at a dead-lock. I can't stir a finger more down here. That Hewetson is as innocent of the robbery as I am; and the only course I can suggest is to go back to the other end of the trail once more, and trace the plunder back by all the hands it has passed though until we get down here again."

Brande felt the disappointment keenly. While he had believed Hewetson was the thief, he had been all eagerness to push on the inquiry; but, now that it seemed as if he had been mistaken, his ardor cooled down under the influence of his returning fears. "Trace the plunder back by all the hands it has passed through until we get down here again." Ay, there it was! Whoever they suspected, however far they traveled in their search for evidence, it must inevitably, sooner or later, bring them back to Bryn-mawr again. The thief must have been a resident in the house—there was no getting away from that fact; and, strive as he would, he could not keep a little of the old doubt and fear from creeping back to his heart as the irresistible force of this argument was borne in upon him. If Hewetson were innocent, it seemed to him that no other solution of the mystery was possible.

Borth touched on his theory concerning the individuality of the ghost and the robber, which revived to some extent Brande's hope of finding a way out of this intricate tangle; but it was at best a very faint hope, for he thought with the detective, that the chances were at least twenty to one in favor of the ghost being nothing but a chimera of the man's half drunken imagination. Still the remaining chance, poor as it was, that there might have been a burglar in the house that night, sent down from town expressly to steal the famous pearls, encouraged him to continue the investigation. Had it not been for this, he would have stopped it at once.

"You see, sir," said the detective to Mr. Tennant, as he was taking a hasty meal before starting on his return journey, "the only way out that I can see now is this—Lady Du Cheesne may have said something about your pearls to some of the people she went to when she was searching about, and they in turn may have repeated it, without any dishonest motive, to some of their agents—queer people some of them—and then there would be a regular campaign planned to get at your jewels. We've known a man told off for a job like this who took three months to bring it off! I suppose you've not had any new servant in the house, have you?"

"No," returned Mr. Tennant, a little wearily. "Hewetson was the first new servant we had had in the house for two years at least."

"Then, it's of no use wasting time on that road," said the detective, as he rose and buttoned his coat. "I'll keep you well posted as to my movements, sir. It may be necessary for me to run over to Paris to see this gentleman that Heffermann told us about, who made those substitutes for Lady Thingamy's pearls; but, if I miss a post, a wire to headquarters will find me. They always know where to save."

Brande drove Mr. Borth into Carnarvon, and returned in a most depressed state of mind. But in his uncle's presence he displayed a cheerfulness he was far from feeling; he would not for the world have had him guess that there was a doubt left in his mind about Molly, so he forced a flow of spirits that carried them successfully through the evening. The day after to-morrow, he told himself thankfully, would see the last of this continual strain to keep up appearances. They would then be married and able to put up with their misery away from uncle's Griffiths' kindly watchfulness. There would be a little comfort in the knowledge that, if they showed a sign of the trouble in their hearts, it would at least hurt no one but themselves.

(To be concluded next week.)

Walking Out.

In the humble classes, in England, walking out with a girl, if the promenades are sufficiately frequent, is regarded in much the same light as "asking papa" is in social circles of a somewhat bigger range. Some months ago, in a case of defamation of character, the young woman who had been libelled said in evidence that she had walked out with the young Frenchmen who was defendant in the action, but that she had only done so in order to try if she liked him, and, finding that she did not, she gave him up.

It is a nice question of etiquette how many walks would be allowed on either side for this probationary stage, and whether a greater number should be permitted to the walking lady, as being more difficult of choice. Etiquette books are silent on the subject. They fly too high to touch these humble walks of life, and always seem to be written for those classes which do not need them. Perhaps the unwritten law would seem to be that after a tentative walk or two, if the couple still persevere in walking each other's companionship, the affair may be regarded as an engagement.

Walking out, in the poorer ranks of life, occasionally entails some expenses upon the lady. The upright carriage, martial air, and smart uniform of a soldier commend him as a brilliant companion for the domestic servant; but the tremendous advantage that he confers socially speaking, upon the partner of his rambles, carries with it a certain penalty, if so it can be called.

The British soldier never has much money, and his expenses have to be paid by the fair maid whom he escorts. A Guardsman costs a good deal, for he is generally thirsty, and even the richest of domestic servants cannot afford themselves too often the brilliant privilege of chasing the walks of so magnificent a creature. It has been reckoned that a Sunday out with one of these appendages costs between four and five shillings. Consequently a certain economy has to be observed, and during the intervals between the indulgence in the greater luxury the lady has to put up with a less expensive companion.

A civilian does for everyday life, and the thrifty maiden saves on him and puts away a little of her wages, not precisely for a rainy day, but for the glorious occasion when she can lead forth in triumph a costly, strapping, six-foot warrior. To be seen with him appears to be bliss enough, for the two are rarely observed to converse. The buxom cook, no longer in the heyday of her youth, who has put away a little money in the bank, is more often seen in company with a uniform than the younger and more attractive housemaid or nursegirl. The reason is that she can afford herself the pleasure of this social distinction, and can also dress in a manner befitting the occasion.

This walking out is practically the only form of recreation in which girls of the working classes can indulge. It is the bright star of their hardworking lives, and their thoughts dwell upon it, naturally enough, just as those of other girls rest upon probable tennis parties, dances and picnics.

When the multitude applaud you, seriously ask yourself what evil you have done; when they censure you, what good.—*Colton.*

His Barefaced Impudence.

"Emmie, only think; Dick Caring has shaved off his mustache!"

"Oh, yes; he says it was in the way."

"What barefaced impudence."

Thought it Was Nearer.

Mrs. Silly—How far is it from New York to London, dear?

Mr. Silly—About as far as from London to New York, barring a few miles.

Mrs. S.—Dear me! I thought it was nearer.

That's Why.

Ned—I say, old boy, what have you done with those photographs I brought you home from Paris?

Ted—Gave them away.

Ned—What for?

Ted—For fear they would give me away, that's all.

Her Rain-beau.

"Did I see you under Willy Eagleton's umbrella, coming from church last Sunday?"

"Why, certainly! He's my rain-beau!"

"And in fine weather?"

"Oh, I just shut him up."

At Sailors' Snug Harbor.

Visitor—And don't you sometimes regret the sea, my friend?

Ancient Mariner—Well, not much. You see, I sail around to the beer saloon and load up a schooner now and then.

A Gross Insult.

Fuzzler—Have you ever visited Niagara, Guzzler?

Guzzler (disgustedly)—No! Do I look like a man who would be interested in a waterfall?

Thought She Might Have Une.

Mrs. McCorker (to new servant)—The last servant had a habit of going into the drawing-room with her young man and sitting there the whole evening. Have you a young man?"

New Servant—No, mum; but I might get one with such inducements offered.

Cremation Item.

"Your teacher says you are the worst boy in the school," said a widow whose husband had been cremated, to her son.

"Yes, ma; I know I am a bad boy."

"If your father knew how you are misbehaving yourself he would kick up a dust in his urn."

Unnecessary for It to Begin at the Office.

Broker—I'm sorry, Uncle Rastus, that I can't do anything for you this morning, but charity, you know, begins at home.

Uncle Rastus—All right, sah. I'll call around at yo' house this ebenin' bout seven, sah.

All Out of Shape.

Gus—What seems to be the matter, Cholley, dear boy, are you twisted up with rheumatism again?

Cholley (faintly)—No, chapple, my new flannel shirt has shrunk.

A Work of Art.

Mrs. Veneering De Puyster (in bric-a-brac store, to daughter)—There is an elegant vase, Clara, and it's marked only sixty dollars. I think I will take it. (To clerk)—What is your lowest price on this vase, sir?

Clerk—Sixty cents, madam.

Daughter—Come on, ma.

Why He Took to the Ark.

"Now, Willie," said the Sunday school teacher, "you may tell my why Noah went into the ark."

"Can't, ma'am."

"Why Willie, you ought to be able to guess that; remember there was a great flood coming."

"I know now."

"Well why was it?"

"Somebody had borrowed his umbrella."

Unreliable Chinese.

"The Chinese are very persistent," remarked Miss Learned to a gentleman visitor.

"I don't know about that. It seems to me the character of a Chinaman is apt to be wishee-washy."

A Refined Prisoner.

"Your honor," said a vagrant to the police judge, "it's a shame to impose that fine. I belong to the refined classes, I do."

"Refined classes!"

"Yes, sir. Wasn't I fined the last time I was up here?"

"Yes."

"And wasn't I refined this time?"

The court included sixty days in the workhouse in the sentence.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

The "thought-reader" placed his hand on the man's head, withdrew it, and struck him a fearful blow on the nose. When the man got out from under the chair, and asked the reader that he hit him for, he replied, "Just as I placed my hand on your head you thought I was a confounded fool, and I don't allow any man to think that, no matter if he's as big as a house."

Venerable Lamb.

Smith and Jones were dining at the restaurant the other night. The lamb that they had jointly ordered was particularly tough. Jones called the waiter.

"What is this meat you have given us?"

"Lamb, sir."

"You are quite sure it's lamb and not sheep?"

"Oh! certainly, sir."

"H'm! Oh, yes, I see. A case of second childhood, probably!"

The Proverb All Right.

"I believe in the proverb that 'whatever is, is right,'" remarked Judge Peterby to Col. Yerger.

"You wouldn't talk that way if you had slipped up on getting the Austin post office. That's what I did."

"Well, the proverb ain't to blame because your credentials are weak. The proverb is all right.

Not Abreast with the Times.

Countryman (to Sixth avenue grocer)—Gimme 'bout four fingers o' red eye, mister, with a little sugar in it.

Grocer—We don't sell whisky, friend.

What an! why down to the Corners the grocery store sells more licker nor anythin' else. New York seems to be a slow kind of a town.

The Duty of Thankfulness.

Nurses in hospitals are rather apt to lay too much stress on the advantages received by the patients and their duty of thankfulness, but still it is the poor soldier who suffers most from always having his causes to be grateful flung in his teeth. Witness the following story:

Chaplain—So poor Hopkins is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once again, and soothe his last moments; why didn't you call me?

Hospital Orderly—I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for Hopkins, sir; so I just soothed 'im as best I could myself.

Chaplain—Why, what did you say to him?

Orderly—'Opkins,' sez I, 'you're mortal bad.'

"'I am,' sez 'e.

"'Opkins,' sez I, 'I don't think you'll get better.'

"'No,' sez 'e.

"'Opkins,' sez I, 'you're going fast.'

"'Yes,' sez 'e.

"'Opkins,' sez I, 'I don't think you can hope to go to 'aven.'

"'I don't think I can,' sez 'e.

"'Well, then, 'Opkins,' sez I, 'you'll go to 'ell.'

"'I suppose so,' sez 'e.

"'Opkins,' sez I, 'you ought to be very grateful as there's a place perwided for you, and that you've got somewhere to go. And I think 'e heard, sir, and then 'e died."

Why Don't He?

Mrs. Sniverly is the wife of the captain of a volunteer company. She attended a review at which her husband was the commanding officer. Mrs. Sniverly laughed all the time, and when she was asked what was the cause of her merriment, she replied: "It was the funniest thing in the world to see my husband, who never dares open his mouth at home, ordering all those men about, and they doing just what he told them. Why doesn't he try that game on me?"

Before and After Marriage.

Two old friends met on a Saturday.

"Let me see," said one, "it must be two years since I saw you last, John. You were going into a jeweler's to buy a diamond ring."

"Yes, I remember."

"And where are you going now?"

"I'm going to buy the joint for to-morrow."

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy.—*Shenstone.*

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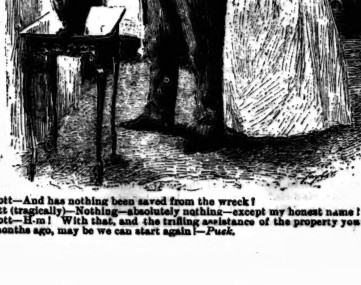

Mrs. Lott—And has nothing been saved from the wreck?

Job Lott (tragically)—Nothing—absolutely nothing—except my honest name!

Mrs. Lott—H-m! With that, and the trifling assistance of the property you transferred to me three months ago, may be we can start again!—*Puck.*

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

"WILL NOTHING MOVE YOU FROM YOUR PURPOSE?"

It takes a delicate touch and great nicety of expression to play "The Shepherd Boy" effectively, simple as it is. But it was also one of Hazel's favorites, and putting her whole soul in it, the very air seemed to quiver and thrill with the sweet, plaintive melody.

The duchess thanked her with her most gracious smile, as she arose from the piano.

"You are a true musician," she said, looking admiringly into Hazel's flushed, expressive face; "you feel every note that you touch."

"When could you come to us, Miss Gay?" Mrs. Stewart inquired, her habitual imperiousness greatly modified by real respect for the girl who possessed such rare talent, and who was evidently a real lady.

"My school will close on Thursday—I shall be at liberty then," Hazel quietly replied, that her heart sank within her as she thought of the trial in reserve for her in the resistance that she would have to meet from Percy when he should learn of her decision.

"Would you object to leaving London—to going to the sea-shore for three or four months?" Mrs. Stewart continued.

"Oh, no; I love the sea," Hazel said, her face growing luminous at the suggestion.

She had long pined for the sea, which she regarded almost as her natural element, from having lived so many years in the very midst of it, on her island home, with Percy and his grandfather.

"That is well," remarked Mrs. Stewart, in a satisfied tone, "for we have taken a villa at Brighton, where we shall remain until the last of September and we leave the first day of July. Can you be ready by that time?"

"Yes, madam," but some of her lovely color forsook her face at the thought of going so far away from Percy.

If she went to Brighton she felt that she might not see him during the whole summer, and such a separation would be a bitter trial to her. Nevertheless, she was steadfast in her purpose; she had made up her mind to earn her own living and not be dependent upon him, and this opening attracted her, for she was greatly drawn to ward the young girl whose companion she was to be.

"Very well," said Mrs. Stewart, complacently. "I think you may come to us; that is," she added, directing a quick, keen glance toward her, "if the terms I offer meet with your approval. Your salary for the first year will be fifty pounds, besides your living. At the end of that time, if we both should desire to prolong the arrangement, we can consult further regarding the question of remuneration. You are to act both as governess and companion to my daughter, and I shall expect that four hours of every day will be devoted strictly to lessons; after that you will see that Miss Belle attends faithfully to practice for a couple of hours. During the remainder of the day you shall both be at liberty to do as you like. Will you accept the position under these conditions.

Hazel signified her willingness to do so in a few well chosen words.

"Very well, then," her patroness returned; "we will consider that you are engaged. Monday will be the first day of July, and we will leave at ten o'clock for Brighton. I will send a carriage for you at nine."

Mrs. Stewart arose as she spoke, thus signifying that the interview was at an end.

She was about to ring for a servant to show Hazel out, when Bella interposed.

"Let me go down with Miss Gay, mamma," she said, eagerly.

"Yes, dear if you like," her mother replied, indifferently, as she bowed to her prospective governess.

Hazel then turned politely to take leave of the duchess, who smiled upon her in a motherly way that quite won her heart.

"Good-morning, my dear," she said, kindly. "You will like Brighton, I am sure; it is one of the most delightful places in the world to spend the summer in."

Hazel could have kissed the hem of her garment for her graciousness, in which there was not the slightest tinge of arrogance, and, giving her a grateful glance, she passed quietly from the room.

"Miss Gay, I know I am going to like you ever so much," said Belle, as the door closed after them, while she confidentially linked her arm within Hazel's. "You're not a bit lofty, as I have imagined English governesses are. I even suspect that you like a good time now and then yourself," and she shot a merry glance out of her restless black eyes as she concluded.

Hazel laughed musically, and pressed the plump hand that rested on her arm in a friendly way.

"Thank you, Miss Belle," she began.

"There, stop that, once for all, if you please!" interposed Belle, with pretty authoritativeness. "I won't be 'Miss' to anybody whom I like, and you is to be with me every day, unless it is a servant. I want to be just 'Belle' from this time out."

"If your mamma would approve——" Hazel commenced, doubtfully.

"Mamma must approve. I just won't have it;" and she enforced her words with an emphatic tap of her pretty kid slipper.

"Now, Miss Gay, by the way, what is your Christian name?" she continued, in her impulsive way.

"Hazel."

"Oh, that is very pretty, and it just suits you, too. May I call you Hazel?"

"I should like you to do so, if Mrs. Stewart does not object," said Hazel, smiling.

"Of course she won't object. Why, we are to be companions, you know, and who ever heard of anyone saying Miss to a girl you're with every day in the year. I do not believe you are so very much older than I, either. I am fifteen."

"And I am eighteen," returned Hazel, frankly, but with a little laugh at this indirect question regarding her age.

"Well, three years don't make one so very much older, though I expect you are ever so much more clever than I shall be when I am eighteen. Only think, you are ready to graduate and able to teach, while I hardly know my grammar correctly yet."

"But I have been in school for a good many years without any interruption," said Hazel, feeling more and more drawn toward this bright, ingenuous girl.

"I am afraid it will be too hard for you to teach all the rest of the summer, after studying so hard as you must have had to do to get ready to graduate," Belle said, with an anxious glance at her new friend. "But we are going to the sea, where it will be cooler than in London, and, Miss Gay—Hazel"—with an arch, appealing glance—"we will have just the jolliest times! Mamma has taken the loveliest villa, all furnished, and the grounds slope right down to the beach. Our rooms join, and look out upon the ocean. I have a boat, all my own, and we are to have some nice saddle-horses. Do you ride?"

"No, I have never learned to ride," Hazel answered, with deepening color, as she remembered that Percy had said she should have a horse and ride with him after school was over, "but I can row. My home, when I was a little girl, was on an island in the sea, and I can do almost anything with a boat."

"That is lovely, for I shall have to learn to row, and you can teach me. What a pity that we must spend four long hours over lessons and two more at practice every day!" Belle concluded, with a long-drawn sigh.

Hazel laughed brightly.

"But for the study and practice I should not come to you, you know," she said.

"True, and I know I need it, too. I have been out of school a good while now traveling with mamma and Helena—that is my grown up sister—and mamma says I shall be a regular dunce if I do not get at my books again pretty soon. But I do love a good time."

"So do I," Hazel responded, heartily, "but I always enjoy it a great deal better when I earn it."

"Earn it? What do you mean?"

"Why, if there is anything that must be done, such as study or practice, and I am faithful to my duty, I always feel that I have earned the rest and recreation that come after it," Hazel explained.

"Yes; but I don't like duties much," said Belle, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders, and looking very grave.

"What a rueful face," said Hazel, merrily, and playfully tapping the young girl's rosy cheeks with the tips of her fingers. "What would life amount to without duties?"

"Shall you be very strict?" Belle asked, searching the face of her governess-elect inquiringly.

"I shall want to do what is right, Belle," Hazel replied, earnestly. "You would not respect me if I did not, and it would not be honorable in me to accept the position which Mrs. Stewart has offered me not to try to do my best for you. But I must not stop longer with you now. I have study and work awaiting me, so I will say good-by to you for a week."

The two girls had come very slowly through the upper corridor and down the long stairway to the lower hall, and now Belle reluctantly withdrew her hand from Hazel's arm to let her go.

"I shall wish the time away," she sighed. "I think you are just delightful, and I do hope you will learn to like me a little by-and-bye. Hazel's eyes danced.

"Play that it is 'by-and-bye' now," she said, with an arch look and a lovely smile.

"What! do you!—already!" cried Belle, with a gasp of delight, and, impulsively throwing her arms about her companion's waist, she kissed her fondly on the lips.

"Yes, indeed I do 'already,' and not 'a little' either," responded Hazel, as she returned the caress, and then with another good-by she went away.

. . . . . .

"Hazel, what does this mean?"

Scene—A reception-room in Madame Hawley's fashionable establishment for young ladies. Time—An hour after the graduating exercises of the senior class were concluded on the commencement day. Dramatis personæ—Percy Morton, sitting pale and stern upon the sofa, an open letter in his hand, while Hazel, in her spotless graduating robes, and no less pale, but otherwise apparently composed, sat in a low rocker near him.

"It means, Percy, just what it says," the young girl replied to his brief query.

"That you are going to be a governess!"

"Yes."

"That you will not allow me a brother's privilege in caring for your future!"

"You are not my brother, Percy. I have no real claim upon you."

"No claim upon me! Heavens! Hazel, you have every claim upon me," Percy returned, in a low, intense tone.

"You are very good to say so," she answered, with downcast eyes, "and I know that your kind heart prompts you to do everything possible to shield my future as you have shielded my past. Nevertheless, the fact remains that no kindred tie unites us; and to be frank, I am too proud to be dependent," Hazel concluded, with rising color.

"No kindred tie unites us! Hazel," the young physician repeated, in a voice full of pain, his lips whitening and quivering, "does no common bond unite our hearts after all these years?"

"Of course—I grant that," she said, unsteadily. "You have always regarded me with kindness and affection; believe me, I appreciate it, return it, and I am very grateful—"

Percy interrupted her with a passionate gesture, which, however, she interpreted as one of impatience.

"Hazel, never speak to me of gratitude again—I cannot bear it," he said, constrainedly, the very effort he made to control his suffering making him seem stern and displeased. "You say I have treated you kindly, affectionately; child, can you speak so coldly, so dispassionately, of our past relations? I have always regarded you as belonging to me; that it was right to shield and guard you from every possible ill, and I have looked forward to this day of your emancipation from school with hopes such as you can hardly comprehend. I believed that when you graduated you would come to me, and we would make a home for ourselves somewhere. I have planned for this, lived for this, until the hope has become almost a part of my life. You talk of dependence," he continued, bitterly; "think you that I should owe you nothing for helping to make a pleasant home for me—that it would not repay me a thousand times more than the cost in pounds and shillings, to be able to return to a genial fireside after a hard day's work; to have my life continually cheered and beautified by your familiar presence?"

Hazel's lips trembled.

The picture was very attractive, and her heart yearned to make it a reality; but she knew that she could not go into his home to live in any such way.

She lifted her eyes appealingly to him. Why could he not understand that it never would do?

His face was very white and stern, and wore a strangely pained expression.

She believed that he was very angry as well as grieved over her refusal to do as he wished.

"But I should be dependent all the same," she murmured, tremulously. "I have no money of my own—that has all been spent upon my education and—and—"

"Well" he questioned, gloomily, as she faltered and stopped.

"I should need things; there would be personal expenses now and then, and I could not ask you—I could not ask any one for money."

"You should not; Hazel; I will settle an income upon you, and you need never ask me for a penny," he said, bending eagerly toward her. His face lightened as he thought how easily this difficulty might be overcome.

Oh, if he had only told her the truth! if he had only said:

"Hazel, I love you. I have loved you for years. Come and be my wife, and thus make my home the brightest spot on earth to me, how willingly she would have laid her hand in his and gone to him!

But he did not dare to say this then.

He told himself that she was still too young, that she could know nothing of such love as he felt for her, that her mind had been filled simply with books and study, and she was too innocent to have any thought of marriage as yet.

He had planned to win her gradually when he could have her all to himself—to lead her by degrees to comprehend the absorbing passion that would darken all his future if he must lose her.

She made a little gesture of dissent at his proposal to settle a sum upon her.

"That would amount to the same thing, Percy. You are very kind to think of it, but I could never spend a pound of it without feeling uncomfortable," she said.

He sprang to his feet and began pacing restlessly back and forth.

"Will nothing move you from your purpose?" he cried, a feeling of despair at his heart.

"No, Percy, I think not. I believe that I am doing right," Hazel replied, gently but firmly.

He stopped short and looked at her at this.

Did she fear the gossip of idle tongues? he wondered. Did she fear that when people should learn that she was his sister only by adoption they would question the propriety of their living together in the way that he had planned?

She sat there looking so fair and pure in her spotless robes, with her pale, troubled face, and downcast eyes, and her small white hands clasped upon her lap, that he could not believe that any such thought had ever entered her mind.

But he was very blind.

"No, you are not doing right, Hazel," he said, gravely, "you are doing very wrong. I am your proper guardian by right of my maturer years, by right of having helped to rescue you when you were a little child, and by right of my grandfather's injunction, when he lay dying, to care for you always and never let you want for any needful thing. What has come over you of late? he went on, more excitedly; "you have not been like yourself during this last year; you have grown cold, reserved; you have repelled me and kept me at arms' length, sometimes making me feel like a stranger. What is it, Hazel? have I ever offended or wounded you in any way?"

He came nearer her and looked appealingly down upon her.

"No, indeed, Percy," Hazel replied, feeling that she must not allow him to imagine anything like this—he must not think that she had sought against him when he had always devoted himself to her in every possible way. "I am sorry if I have ever given you cause to think that; you have always been all that was kind and good. I have not meant to be cold or reserved," she continued, rising, and laying one hand upon his arm; "forgive me for unconsciously wounding you, my brother."

That last word smote him sharply, for she had evidently uttered it with an effort, while he longed to be so much more than a brother to her.

She was so lovely standing there in her fresh, young beauty, and her touch thrilled every fibre of his being, until, for a moment, he lost control of himself.

He caught her to him in a fond embrace.

"You shall not sue for forgiveness for an unintentional wrong," he said, in a low, eager tone, "perhaps I have been too exacting—have expected too much. I have forgotten that you are grown to young ladyhood, and of late, I have missed your childish expressions of affection. But, oh! Hazel, if you would only give up this wild scheme! think a moment, dear, I am all alone in the world, but for you, and now you insist upon leaving me."

She looked up archly, and strove to conceal her emotion thus, though her face was like the dawn at sunset, while she trembled within his clasping arms to which she yielded for one delicious moment, telling herself that it was for the last time.

"But you have done without me all these years that I have been at school, and I have done without you!" she began playfully, never dreaming that he would lay her words to heart in the way he did.

"Consequently we can get along without each other indefinitely—all the affection, all the delightful memories of our childhood, all our hopes for the future count as nothing and are to be ignored," he interrupted, coldly, cut to the quick, his arms dropping from her like bars of lead.

"Oh, Percy, you know I did not mean that," Hazel cried, a sob bursting from her; "the only hard thing about my going to Brighton is that I shall not have your regular visits. I shall miss you more than I can express."

His face lighted at her words.

"Then don't go; come to me as we planned so long ago," he pleaded, bending to lay his lips against her

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

The Quick or the Dead? by Amelia Rives, has created more of a sensation in literary and social circles, I presume, than any book on scandal for the last twenty years. It has sold by thousands, and so rapidly at one time, that the publishers were unable to meet the demand. It was even out of print I believe for a week or so! Miss Rives had, previous to this novel, published several striking stories and poems in prominent periodicals, but they had drawn only the interest of the curious in literary matters. There was nothing especially startling in the earlier stories, perhaps, but reverting to the poems, suggestions are found of the "intense" temperament that promised future ebullitions of a wider and more pronounced erotic character. Fact is, I recall an impression similar to that made by some of the Poems of Passion, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, issued in a volume some years ago. There was all of the luxurious savor of frankly expressed fleshly love of a pronounced order, no abstract, ethereal shadow worship, but a Whitman-like passion of earth. One can hardly see how The Quick or the Dead could be dramatized successfully; to follow the book, to act the part of the heroine, to make palpable and real the conflicting emotions, the opposed spiritual and physical qualities of the young woman will be, it seems, a delicate problem. It is to be attempted to-night, however, by Miss Estelle Clayton, a beautiful woman who made something of a sensation several years ago by appearing bare-footed and bare ankled (!) in Favette, a play adapted from Ouida's Tricotrin. Whole columns of idyllic prose were written about the beauty of Clayton's feet, the classic symmetry, the just balance of her toes, the rare adjustment of the large one, its perfect shape, etc., but comparatively little mention was made of acting. This was probably on account of the poor nature of the piece; it was not good, and, but to display the charms of a rarely beautiful woman, was unworthy of mention. Miss Clayton will excite curiosity, and her play, owing to the notoriety of the book, will add to it. Photographs of the actress are liberally displayed in many of the Broadway windows, and little cards bearing her portrait the size given with packages of a well-known brand of American cigarette, are freely handed to people passing the Fifth Avenue Theater, where she is to appear. This is a piece of advertising diplomacy of unique significance.

I've been struck with the generous interest and practical demonstration of it shown in New York for the terribly afflicted people in the South. I've been set to thinking also by noticing that the greater part of the contributions are of comparatively small amounts, and that these have come mainly from the class of fairly well-to-do merchants and salaried clerks and artisans, from the middle class mainly, I may say. There are dozens of rich men here, any one of whom could sent a check equal to the total amount already sent and not miss it nearly as much as many who have cheerfully given a dollar.

A sculling race on dry land will be, to say the least, a novelty. We are to have one though, a six days' one, the man pulling out the greatest number of miles in that time to earn a large stake. The Roadsculler or Landrowing tricycle is to be introduced to New York next Sunday night at Madison Square Garden by such celebrated oarsmen as Teemer, Gaudaur, Bubear, Hamm, Ross, Plaisted, Conley, Lee and others.

The machine has a sliding seat, and is propelled very much as a boat would be. A speed of sixteen and eighteen miles an hour has been made, and spurts as high as twenty. The published offer says $10,000 in prizes. There must be a considerable inducement to interest such athletes as the above. It will be a splendid advertisement for the machines, and for me, I should much prefer, I think, this method of propulsion to the really hard work of the current type of tricycle. Then, too, the amount of exercise to be derived is more evenly distributed. The novelty of the thing and the curiosity to see so many noted men of muscle at once will, no doubt, insure a large attendance.

I presume everybody has heard of E. Berry Wall, King of the Dudes, a fine-looking young fellow whose sad fate—no doubt the result of environment and special conductive conditions—has been to pose as the glass of fashion. The fellow, so I'm told, is not a bad sort, a too plentiful supply of cash eratwhile, and friends to flatter and cozen, have made him pose as a tailor-made man to the exclusion of every other qualification. The type that he represents has no examples in the present worthy of anything but ridicule. It is not in the air of our time to turn out Beau Brummels, he and most of the other beaux of his period were alike distinguished for fine wits as well as good clothes. E. Berry Wall lately married, and, it is said, has reached the limit of his resources in the way of cash and rather than part with a hundred or so pairs of pantaloons will go upon the stage, and court fickle fortune under the guidance of Thespis. A play has been secured, the plot and main dialogue of which involves the use of the greater part of the star's wardrobe! Think of the rare chance of seeing a comedy done as it should be! Think of a male star who can wear a different suit every time he comes on!

The Kiralfy feud, the little unpleasantness between the brothers Bolossy and Imre, has led, if anything, to a public good, for I seem to see in the performance of Machias Sandorf, at Niblo's, one of Bolossy Kiralfy's spectacles, an indication of something out of the ordinary. The ballets are spoken of by a local journal as the finest ever seen in New York. This, if memory serves me right, is a bit wide, so to speak, still the ballets are really very fine, and the whole performance one of entertainment. It is an exceptional treat to see a pretty premiere. Paris, who made her reputation in this country last year, is such a one and a good dancer too. She and Cornalba are the two most accomplished and attractive Terpsichorean nymphs I've had the pleasure of seeing.

CARRINGTON.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for every man has need to be forgiven.

Didn't Recognize the Bivalves.

Mr. Byam Keggs (from Kalamazoo, with intense disgust)—Here, waiter, I ordered raw oysters. What on airth are these nasty black stones!

Waiter (petrified)—Oyatahs, sah—on de half-shell, sah!

Mr. Byam Keggs—Half-shell, is it! Oh, git out! I've eat a million canned oysters out home, and never was a shell on ary one of them!—*Puck.*

He Got a Demerit.

Professor of Chemisty—Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a vial of soda. What chemical shall I combine with it to produce a valuable article of commerce?

Goodsby (waking up)—Br-r randy!—*Judge.*

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

CAMPBELL—On September 27, at 21 Harbord street, Mrs. H. D. Campbell—a daughter.

CARRICK—On September 27, at 45 Richmond street west, Mrs. A. W. Carrick—a daughter.

FRASER—On September 27, at Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Fraser—a son.

HUNT—On September 27, at White House, Rosedale, Mrs. F. L. H. Sims—a daughter.

HAND—On September 23, at 6 Taylor street, Mrs. J. H. Hand—a son.

HUNT—On September 29, at St. Catharines, Mrs. H. G. Hunt—a son.

HANNAH—On October 1, at 24 Brunswick avenue, Mrs. W. G. Hannah—a son.

STEWART—On October 2, at Clinton, Mrs. Alexander Stewart—a son.

NEILL—On September 28, at Toronto, Mrs. Adam J. Neill—a son.

NUNTOON—On September 25, Mrs. J. C. Nuntoon—a son.

CHECKLEY—On September 28, at Dundas, Mrs. F. Y. Check ey—a daughter.

McGIBBON—On September 27, at Montreal, Mrs. Walter B. McGibbon—a son.

Marriages.

HEYS—IRISH—On September 24, at Port Perry, Charles Heys to Mrs. Matilda Irish.

WATERS—DINWOODIE—On September 26, at Cambellford, George W. A. Waters to Margaret Dinwoodie.

PHILLIPS—MALONE—On September 26, at Kingston, Charles R. Phillips of Montreal, to Mattie E. Malone of Kingston.

BATCHELLER—JACKSON—On September 27, at Kingston, Charles A. Batchelier to Isabella Jackson.

CURRAGH—GREAVES—On September 26, at Toronto, James A. Curragh to Maggie Greaves, of Kingston.

ROY—ROY—On September 26, at Sabrevois, Henry O. Roy of St. Sebastien, to Clarinde Roy of Sabrevois.

NELLIS—HOWELL—On September 26, at London, W. Percival Nellis of Woodstock, to Maud Mary Eleanor Howell.

SHARPE—SEQUIN—At Toledo, Ohio, J. W. Sharpe, M.D., of McClure, Ohio, to H. Louise Sequin of Toronto.

RITTER—WILLIAMS—On September 28, at Toronto, William Ritter to Elizabeth Stephenson Williams of Toronto.

BAILEY—FIGOTT—On October 1, at Toronto, George L. Baily to Mary A. Figott.

NESBITT—HUBBARD—On October 2, at Toronto, William Beattie Nesbitt, B. A., M. D., to Clara Louisa Hubbard.

CAMERON—TROUT—On October 3, at Toronto, James K. Cameron of the *Monetary Times*, to Rose H. Trout.

FOWLER—HEAVYSEGE—On September 26, at Winnipeg, J. F. Fowler to Kate Heavysege.

JONES—JENKINS—On October 2, at Brantford, William David Jones to Mary Louise Jenkins.

WOODS—WATSON—On Wednesday morning, October 3, at the residence of the bride's mother, 137 Bloor street west, by Rev. J. J. McCann, J. Lawlor Woods to Corinne E. Watson.

WILLIAMS—GOODMAN—On October 3, at Parkhill, Eaten Williams of the Education Department, Toronto, to Edith H. H. Goodman of Parkhill.

WEDD—GOODMAN—On October 3, at Parkhill, George Maynard Wedd, Canadian Bank of Commerce of Berlin, to Mabel Alexandra Goodman of Parkhill.

Deaths.

SCOTT—On September 30, at Port Hope, Cecil Alfred Scott, aged 9 years.

MILLER—At 406 Euclid avenue, Christina Miller.

KENNEDY—On October 1, at the House of Providence, Richard Kennedy, aged 75 years.

PETERMAN—On October 1, at Forest Hill, Nellie Peterman, aged 3 weeks.

NUTTALL—On October 1, at Kingston, Henry Nuttall, of Toronto.

MANSFIELD—On September 30, at Scarboro', Charles Mansfield, aged 15 months.

BURGESS—On October 1, at Willowdale, Catharine Bilton Burgess, aged 5 months.

ROSS—At Toronto, Wm. Ross, aged 83 years.

McDOUGALL—On September 25, at Birtle, Man., William G. McDougall.

GUINANE—On October 1, William Guinane, aged 61 years.

CLARK—On September 28 at St. Laurent, William Robert Clark, aged 18 months.

FRELLIN—On September 28, at Montreal, James W. Franklin, aged 21 years.

WRIGHT—On September 25, at St. Cecile, Lake Megantic, Lily Wright, aged 20 years.

COOK—On October 3, at Toronto, Laura E. Cook.

FISHER—On September 30, at Winnipeg, Allan Charles Fisher, aged five months

MURRAY—On September 29, at Kildonan, Manitoba, Donald Murray, aged 68 years.

WATTS—On September 24, at Woodstock, Walter W. Watts, aged 24 years.

BURK—On September 30, at Bowmanville, Lucia Grover Burk.

FORSTER—On September 29, at Weston, Helen Mary Forster, aged 76 years.

BAILY—On September 30, at Toronto, Louise Baily.

HERBERT—On September 29, at Toronto, Thomas George Herbert, aged 20 years.

QUIN—On September 27, Aileen Quin, aged seven months.

HAIGHT—On September 30, at Montreal, Florence Josephine Haight.

BISHOP—On September 29, at Toronto, John Bishop.

BATTERSBY—On September 21, Leslie Charles Battersby, aged 46 years.

KIMBER—On September 30, at Toronto, George Kimber, sr., aged 65 years.

DEVLIN—On September 29, William Devlin, aged 52 years.

GRAHAM—On October 1, at Toronto, Prudence Graham.

PARRY—On October 2, at Weston, Major John Parry, aged 85 years.

REIMERS—On October 2, Paulina Reimers.

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Personal.

Miss Louise Burton has returned from a long stay in Muskoka.

Mrs. Burnside of Deer Park held her usual musical social last Saturday night.

Miss Patterson of Port Elgin is staying with Mrs. Richardson of Carlton street.

Mr. Napier Robinson of Belleville, Ont., was again in town for some days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant of Detroit are visiting friends in town.

Mr. George Seymour of Montreal is staying in town.

Mr. Eldy Jones has returned to town after a short visit to New York.

Miss May Jones returned at the end of last week from Longuissa.

Mr. John Stewart arrived this week, having spent the last three months in Switzerland and Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Coulson of New York, who have been staying here, have returned to the States.

Mr. Dobel of Quebec, son-in-law of Sir David and Lady Macpherson, is staying at Chestnut Park.

Ald. Piper and his popular wife have left the Queen's, and are now residing at 75 Bloor street west.

Mr. and Mrs. George Walker of Belfast, Ireland, are in town on their way to the North-West.

If I am not very much mistaken, Mr. Roddy Pringle of Cobourg was sweetly doing King street on Wednesday afternoon.

Dr. Alton Garratt has been staying in the city for the past two weeks. His engagement to Miss Fletcher is announced.

Miss May Hughes and Miss Hattie Archibald left for Montreal last Saturday night, to resume their studies at the Ville de Marie.

Mr. G. H. McKenzie left on Tuesday for New York, from whence he sails to-day for Liverpool and his home in Edinboro toon.

Mr. James Knowles, jr., of Mutual street returned this week from a very enjoyable trip to the west, where he has been visiting friends.

Mr. J. A Proctor of Grenville street returned home last week greatly improved in health after spending the summer months in Europe.

I am advised of another engagement, but hardly feel myself at liberty to mention more than that the party of the first part condescends to scratch a quill in the Bank of Toronto.

Personal items should be in the editor's hands by Thursday noon at the latest. Almost every week communications, of a personal nature, reach this office too late for publication. Correspondents will kindly govern themselves accordingly.

The city newspapers have been very complimentary this week to County Crown Attorney Badgerow for his highly successful work at the Sessions just closed, his prosecutions in a heavy calendar almost invariably resulting in a conviction.

On Wednesday at the house of the bride's mother, 137 Bloor street west, Miss Corinne E. Watson was married to Mr. J. Lawlor Woods and the newly wedded pair left for British Columbia intending to return home by way of Southern California.

Mrs. J. Lee of Wilcox street has returned from her trip to England. September is generally considered a pleasant month for ocean journeys, and Mrs. Lee's rough and stormy voyage is only one of those unpleasant exceptions which prove the rule.

In this week's obituary column will be found the name of Donald Murray of Kildonan, who came out to this country with Lord Selkirk's fourth party in the same year as that in which the battle of Waterloo was fought. Mr. Murray was probably the last survivor of those hardy settlers.

The annual skiff races of the Argonaut R. C. were held last Saturday afternoon. I can only regret that the heavy pressure of advertising matter prevents my saying more than that the fleet-winged Tam O'Shanter distanced all competitors and succeeded in pulling off the championship and the challenge cup for the second time in two consecutive years.

The increasing number of the gentler sex amongst the medical students here is becoming more evident every term. Amongst those who are studying for medical degrees are Dr. Taylor, a fair Australian, who is taking a post-graduate course here; Miss Foster of Welland, the Misses Grey of Toronto and Miss Chambers of Port Elgin.

Another of our Toronto young men has gone abroad for the companion of his future years—none other than Mr. Charles Howland, a son of Mr. Fred Howland of this city, who was married to Miss Grace Freeman of Los Angelos, California, on the 22nd ult. Mr. Howland's bride and her family are not unknown in Toronto, having spent a winter here, a few years ago, when they resided on Beverley street.

A Bad Man's Sweetheart.

Mr. Sheppard's new novel begins this week on page 4. It is a local story.

Distinguished People Series---No. 3

M. SADI-CARNOT.

(See Page One.)

The third of our Series of Distinguished People is a handsome portrait of the President of the French Republic. Brought to the front by the downfall of the Grevy administration, the subject of this sketch has anything but a sinecure in his office. But in spite of the effervescing triumphs of Boulangerism, the quiet, common sense and energy of M. Sadi-Carnot are gradually commending him to the continued good-will of the French people.

Fashion Illustrations.

It will, no doubt, please the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT to learn that illustrations of the prevailing fashions in ladies' garments will appear in these columns weekly—commencing to-day. Designs will be furnished by Messrs. Nolan & Hickson of the Atradome, recognized as skilful ladies' tailors and the modes can be depended upon as stylish and new, and what people are wearing at the fashion centres.

The prevailing walking gown, showing new fringe trimmings, exclusive productions of the Atradome, King street east, Toronto.

Danford Roche & Co., while closing out their stock, are offering a special discount on all purchases over one dollar. This is a good chance for ladies to buy silks for evening or street wear.

Out of Town.

BERLIN.

Miss Hattie Pearson was married on September 26 to Mr. W. J. Sutton of Morden, Man.

Mrs. J. W. Pearson and her daughter, Miss Gracie, will return to Newton, Kansas, with Mr. Walter Pearson, for the benefits of a milder climate for the winter. They will be accompanied by Miss Madge Gibson of Spring Valley.

The Shuetzen Verein, a society composed of some of the toniest of our German population, both ladies and gentlemen, closed their season's sport by a friendly match, with the following result. The ladies who used air guns scored remarkably well. Mrs. Wagner 1st, Mrs. Hundeshagen 2nd, Miss Mylins 3rd. Gentlemen—Mr. Charles Millar 1st, Mr. Karl Muller 2nd.

Mrs. John King entertained a select company of young people last Friday evening, in honor of her charming guest, Miss Maggie Crawford of Hamilton.

PRINCE HEINRICH.

Grand Opera House

O. B. SHEPPARD, MANAGER.

OPENING of the OPERA SEASON

GRAND ENGLISH COMIC OPERA

WITH THE

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Comic Opera Co.

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One week only, commencing

8 MONDAY, OCTOBER 8

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☞ The enthusiastic reception extended to the J. C. Duff Comic Opera Company last season in Dorothy induces the management to announce the opening of the Opera Season on the above date with a GRAND SPECTACULAR PRODUCTION of Von Suppe's Charming Opera

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Presented by the following great cast

Titania Fanfani.....LAURA BELLINI
Fanfani Pasha.....HARRY BROWN
Miradillo.....JOHN BRAND
Tessa.....AGNES STONE
Buccametta.....ROSE LEIGHTON
Pericles.....ED. TEMPLE
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NAKID.....CHAS. WEISNER
AND
Antarsid.....HUBERT WILKE
Other characters by the company.

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Box Plan Now Open for sale of Reserved Seats

A GRAND DRAMATIC EVENT

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Toronto Opera House

ONE WEEK, COMMENCING

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Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday & Saturday

The Greatest Actress in Her Line of Characters,

Florence J. Bindley

Assisted by Mrs. Emma Franks' Brilliant Company of Metropolitan Artists, presenting Charles P. Brown and Otis Turner's Beautiful Sensational Comedy Border-Drama

DOT

Or, The Avenger's Oath

Next Week H. R Jacob's Romany Rye

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BY THE COMBINED BANDS OF THE

XIII. BATTALION,

ROYAL GRENADIERS, and

QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES,

MUTUAL STREET RINK,

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RESERVED SEATS, - - - - - 50c
ADMISSION, - - - - - - - 25c

Plan to be seen at A. & S. Nordheimer's, on and after Monday the 8th.

To avoid the rush, Ticket-holders are requested to enter by Dalhousie street.

Shattesbury Hall

(For a Short Period)

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Dramatic, Pathetic and Humorous

ASSOCIATION HALL

Monday, October, 15, 1888

This engagement affords all lovers of Elocution an opportunity of hearing the most talented Elocutionist now before the public. The programme will embrace selections from the best authors, and is specially selected to display Prof. Blish's rare elocutionary powers. The press pronounce him one of the most perfect readers in the profession.

Subscription List now open at the Piano Warerooms of A. & S. Nordheimer's, 15 King St. East Reserved plan for subscribers will be opened October 10th, at 10 a.m.

Admission 25 cts. Reserved Seats 50 cts.

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Private tuition for students in the evening. Send for prospectus.

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The house is electric lighted and has every comfort and convenience found in city hotels of the highest grade. The numerous hot sulphur springs in close proximity vary in temperature from 30 to 121 degrees, and perfect bathing facilities are supplied. Testimony to the wonderful curative properties of the water is plentiful. A first-class livery of driving and saddle horses forms part of the establishment, and there are excellent roads and walks in all directions, built and maintained by the Government. The house is 5,000 feet above sea level and is surrounded by magnificent mountain peaks 5,000 to 8,000 feet high. In grandeur of scenery and purity of atmosphere the region is immeasurably superior to any similar health resort on the continent. The hotel rates are $3.50 a day upward, and special terms for longer time may be had by addressing George Holliday, Manager, Banff, Alberta, Canada. For further information and for excursion tickets, apply to any Canadian Pacific Ry. Ticket Office, or at 110 King Street West, Toronto.

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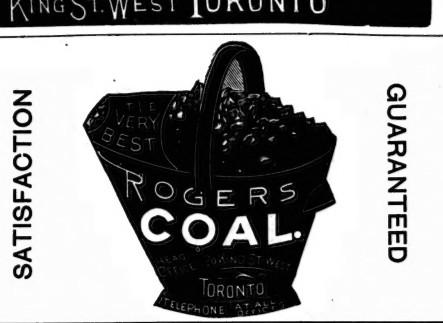

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